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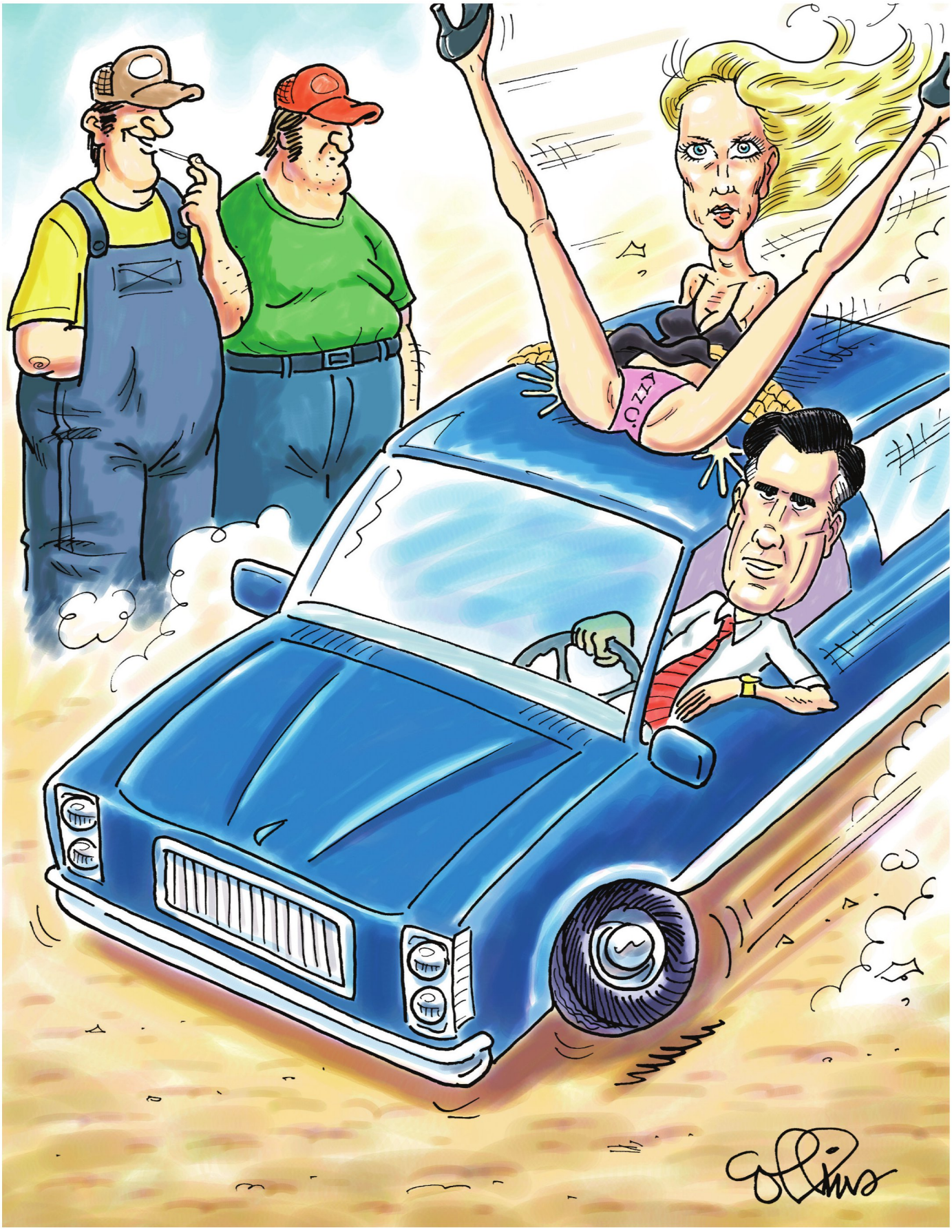
HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of the new HBO series *Girls*, which exposes the gritty reality experienced by young women living in New York. Realism is a tough sell. If the show's ratings dip, we recommend that its creative minds explore what most men think is "reality" for hot young women residing under the same roof—endless lesbian romps.



"That crazy Mitt, always tying dogs to the roof of his car!"

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LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

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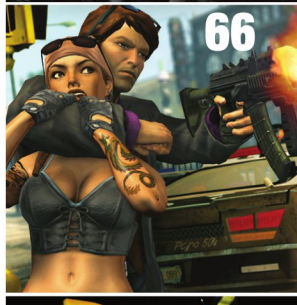

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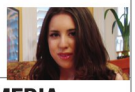

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WHY ISN'T POT LEGAL?

With polls showing that 50% of Americans favor the legalization of marijuana, why aren't steps being taken to make that a reality? Blame those that have the most to lose from legal weed: the pharmaceutical, alcohol and prison industries.

Pharmaceutical companies don't want people turning to pot for pain relief because it would mean fewer customers buying prescription medications. Brewers and distillers don't want the competition either. With mounting scientific evidence that pot is safer than alcohol, legal marijuana would clearly put a major dent in the booze business's profits. Private, for-profit prisons only make money if they're filled to capacity, and that means locking up weed growers and pot smokers.

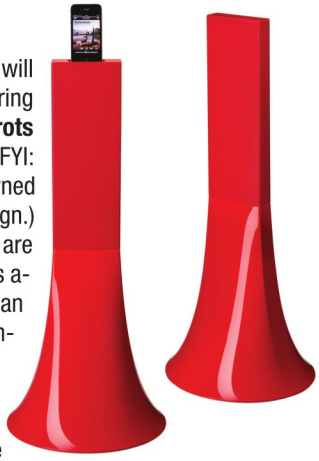
Larry Flynt
Publisher

THIS WILL COME IN HANDY

Back in the day, musicians had to go into a large studio to produce a crystal-clear stereo recording. But in today's DIY world, wouldn't it be sweet if do-it-yourselfers could get the same results from a device that's smaller than a TV remote? Now they can with the **Zoom H1 Handy Recorder**, which captures high-quality audio anywhere. Like all Zoom recorders, the **H1** is equipped with onboard mics that guarantee a clean, crisp sound. In addition, the lightweight unit comes with a 2GB microSD card that stores the recorded material, which can then be transferred to a computer via a USB connection. The **H1** also features one-touch recording, an easy-to-read LCD screen and built-in speaker, plus it runs for about ten hours on a single AA battery. Not a musician? Use the **H1** to record interviews, lectures, meetings and more!

Available at ***Amazon.com*** or ***MusiciansFriend.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.

ART ROCK



Looking for high-end speakers that will really class up your dumpy place? Spring for a pair of **Zikmu Dragon Red Parrots by Starck Wireless Speakers.** (FYI: Philippe Starck is the world-renowned leader in ultramodern speaker design.) The free-standing speakers, which are 29 inches tall and weigh eight pounds apiece, not only stream music from an iPod, iPhone, computer or stereo component, but the cool-looking duo can also be hooked up to a TV. We know what you're thinking: *They look cool, but how do they sound?* Amazing! The **Zikmu Parrot** speakers provide a combined 100 watts of booming output and incredible clarity. Just think how boss they'll look next to your stained futon. Yeah, you need to throw that shit away.

Available at ***ParrotShopping.com***. Suggested retail price: $1,600 for a pair.

TIME TO ROCK

Stem Innovation's **Time Command Audio Alarm Clock** is truly a revolutionary and versatile gizmo. It's an app-enhanced, customizable docking station/speaker/clock that's compatible with more than just your iPod or iPhone. It's also one of the first docks that's iPad-friendly! Use the **Time Command** to play (and charge) all your Apple devices. Marvel at the precision digital-signal processing supplied by the free downloadable app Stem: Sonic IQ. If that isn't enough, you can also control a bedside lamp by plugging it into the **Time Command**. Now you can fall asleep and wake up to anything in your digital library. Yes, even porn.

Available at ***StemInnovation.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.95.

WIN THIS

OTHERWORLDLY SOUND

It looks like the Death Star, and when it comes to sound, it's almost as powerful. The award-winning **Edifier Luna 5 Encore iF500** is more than just a speaker system, more than just a docking station and more than just one of the coolest-looking things we've ever seen. This innovative gadget, which can be docked to an iPod or iPhone, is the future of sound. The **Luna 5 Encore iF500** features patented EIDC technology that utilizes a single microprocessor to collect and remove all distortion from the audio output. Plus, five magnetically shielded speakers and low-frequency porting combine to provide the listener with the ultimate sound experience. There's even a built-in FM radio, not to mention an auxiliary jack for hooking up an MP3 player. Available in either black or white, the **Luna 5 Encore iF500** runs off an AC universal power supply, and you've got to hear it to believe it. The best part is you may be able to for free! We're giving away one of these out-of-this-world speaker systems. Check out the accompanying coupon for details.

Available at ***Edifier.US.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

OUT OF THIS WORLD GIVEAWAY!

For your chance to win a **Luna 5 Encore** iPod/iPhone speaker system, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to **Luna 5 Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com.**

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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HOW LARRY FLYNT KEEPS JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES FROM KNOCKING ON HIS DOOR
PLEASE KNOCK
WELCOME

MITT ROMNEY: MR. DOWNSIZING

ELECTING A PRESIDENT WITH A SWASHBUCKLING, WHEELER-DEALER PAST WILL LIKELY BE THE BANE OF JOB SECURITY

I dare you to name one aspect of Mitt Romney's life in which he isn't a total fraud. He claims to have been a great political leader as governor of Massachusetts but disowns his only achievement in that capacity: pushing through a healthcare program that is virtually identical to the Obamacare that Presidential candidate Romney now derides.

He is a lifelong leader of the Mormon Church, which was founded in opposition to the Christian theology that dominated America, but he now denies any significant distinction between his faith and that of Christians, whom Mormons spend so much time trying to convert.

The biggest lie of all in Romney's run for the Presidency is his claim to vast business expertise, which—given the sorry state of the economy—is the boast to be taken most seriously. Yet he goes nuts if opponents ever attempt to examine just what went on at Bain Capital, the one company that he actually managed.

When Republican challengers in the primaries and later President Obama attempted to hold Romney accountable for his actions at Bain Capital, he blasted them for waging a smear campaign. However, cofounding and running that private-equity firm represent the sum total of Romney's business experience.

The heart of Romney's business success was the slicing and dicing of troubled companies through predatory leveraged buyouts, which as a politician he has managed to repackage as venture capitalism involving investment in the new instead of dismemberment of the old. The record shows that by the end of Romney's career at Bain Capital, 90% of its hedge funds' transactions consisted of buyout deals that led to selling off a company's parts, and damned be the laid-off workers and the communities where they lived.

Staples is the one success story that Romney dwells on as an example of growth rather than decline in the companies he helped run, but even that claim is not his to make. The guy who founded Staples, Thomas G. Stemberg, was already a very successful businessman who had made a fortune in the grocery chain he'd sold. With the idea for Staples already fully developed, Stemberg turned to Romney's Bain Capital not to design or support a risky new venture but rather to line up investors in what was a sure thing.

> **"THE RECORD SHOWS THAT BY THE END OF ROMNEY'S CAREER AT BAIN CAPITAL, 90% OF ITS HEDGE FUNDS' TRANSACTIONS CONSISTED OF BUYOUT DEALS THAT LED TO SELLING OFF A COMPANY'S PARTS, AND DAMNED BE THE LAID-OFF WORKERS AND THE COMMUNITIES WHERE THEY LIVED."**

Where Mitt Romney truly excelled wasn't in creating jobs or inventing new products but rather in enriching himself. With regard to private-equity schemes, he was unquestionably most proficient. "Mitt broke the mold there," William F. Weld—a fellow hedge fund hustler and former governor of Massachusetts—told the *New York Times*, capturing the essence of the shady financial world that he and Romney shared: "The market rewards people who show they can see value in a company quickly, adjust a few toggle switches and sell it again four or five years later. It is capitalism's way of picking the fleas off the dog."

Those flea pickers have the added benefit of paying taxes on their profits at the low 15% capital-gains rate instead of the 35% other folks would face on comparable income. These are not businessmen in the conventional sense but rather the most highly paid exterminators the world has ever known. That is why Warren Buffett, a real leader in business investing, has derided the private-equity people like Romney as "deal flippers" who profit not from raising the value of companies but rather from the fees on the deals they concoct.

Romney doesn't want his record at Bain Capital examined because it is so sordid. Nor is it any more palatable when he offers the defense that his hedge funds acted in the same bloodthirsty manner as did the others. The fact that Romney was one among a select group of high-flying pirates doesn't excuse his behavior. Instead, it provides the essential clues as to how the Republican candidate would manage the economy of the United States should he become President.

Romney and his ilk are at the heart of what ails the American economy in this day and age. Multinational capitalists no longer give a rat's ass about the well-being of the nations in which they happen to be situated. They ship jobs and profits abroad, pay absurdly low domestic taxes and rip off the American taxpayers who bail them out when they get into financial trouble or when they need U.S. troops to protect their investments abroad.

Elect this predatory capitalist as President and expect to have your hopes for a decent job dismembered.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

As the 50-foot woman walked overhead, the sheriff completely forgot what he was doing there.

NO WONDER OBAMA ACTS LIKE A KING

AN ALARMING NUMBER OF ADULT AMERICANS COULDN'T PASS A TEST TAKEN BY FOREIGNERS TO GAIN CITIZENSHIP.

As I have written here, President Obama has tossed aside so many of our personal liberties that he personifies what Founding Father James Madison warned would happen if the "separation of powers" mandated in the Constitution was allowed to disintegrate: "The accumulation of all powers, legislative, executive and judiciary, in the same hands…may justly be pronounced the very definition of tyranny."

That's why I keep urging that all middle and high schools must teach future generations how American history defined us as a self-governing people and what it takes to stay free. Much to my delight, I've found elementary school students who are excited to learn the stories of what distinguishes us as Americans.

But as Election Day approaches, I've made a big mistake in not paying as much attention to the stunning ignorance of so many adults. It's voters who will determine how long we'll be able to fight to regain the individual liberties we've already lost.

I've wondered what difference, if any, it will make with respect to my kids and grandkids—and me too—should Republican candidate Mitt Romney triumph over this nation's most anti-Constitution President ever. Then I came upon this wrenching headline: "One in Three Americans Fail Immigrant Naturalization Civics Test." That was the finding of Xavier University's Center for the Study of the American Dream, which conducted a nationwide survey of how native-born adults coped with questions that immigrants must answer to become U.S. citizens.

How uneducated this year's voters are about the real-life, real-time workings of their government is staggering. According to PR Newswire, "The Center's research persistently shows a strong distrust of our public institutions, particularly government and our political leaders." Should be encouraging, right? "Yet 59% of survey respondents could not name one power of the federal government; 77% could not name one power of the states; and 62% could not name the governor of their state."

Gee, nearly all of those surveyed could name the two major political parties, but "the highest incorrect scores consistently concern the U.S. Constitution and the governmental, legal and political structure of the American republic."

Dig this: Seventy-one percent were unable to identify the Constitution as the "supreme law of the land." Barack Obama has no trouble ignoring that.

Seventy-five percent failed to correctly answer "What does the judiciary branch do?" And these are the voters who'll choose our next President, whose duties include appointing Supreme Court justices. Then again, do most citizens know much about the court's nine members who make decisions that can affect all our lives?

Would you recognize Associate Justice Anthony Kennedy if you saw him on the street? Or Chief Justice John Roberts? Does it bother you that our legal system's ultimate arbiters are invisible because they refuse to be televised during their crucial oral arguments?

Back to what the Center for the Study of the American Dream discovered: Sixty-two percent of the native-born Americans surveyed didn't know what happened at the Constitutional Convention. Michael Ford, the center's founding director, made a chilling point about what America will be like for our kids and grandkids—and farther beyond: "Civic illiteracy threatens the American Dream because it threatens the freedoms we treasure."

Quickly, which Constitutional freedoms do you treasure? What's happening to them right now? Ford also cautioned, "Civic illiteracy makes us more susceptible to manipulation and abuses of power."

Meanwhile, there is still no sense of growing national concern or even a touch of shock in this self-governing republic that Obama signed the National Defense Authorization Act. This edict allows him (and any like-minded future President) to imprison American citizens indefinitely without charges or trial for "suspicion" or "association" with alleged terrorists. How is that possible in our rule of law? But in the Xavier University survey, 85% didn't know the meaning of "the rule of law."

It's too late for present-day American adults to be required to learn about the heart and soul of our democratic ideals in school. However, thanks to civics classes, the potential demise of the American Dream is indeed being combated in more of our schools, but will they spur future native-born citizens to revive the Constitution?

Maybe there's still hope. An amazing 97.5% of immigrants who actually took the civics test passed. Determined to become U.S. citizens, they studied our country's history hard enough to know what it takes to be an authentic American. But what about those who were born here?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.

THIS COUNTRY NEEDS A GOOD GOD-FEARING CONSERVATIVE IN THE WHITE HOUSE. I AM SO UPSET THAT RICK SANTORUM PULLED OUT!
WELL, HE ALWAYS PULLS OUT, MOM... HE IS AGAINST CONTRACEPTION.
M.S.U.
J. Bilkette

A look inside the twisted mind of Rick Santorum.

AIR TRAVEL REDUX

FLYING THE UNFRIENDLY SKIES

Yes, I did a column about flying once before, but that time I flew Air China, which was a very positive experience. This time, flying United Airlines, I wanted to slice my wrists.

Comedians always do material about airplanes because they have to travel on them so often. These days, airlines are begging to be fucked with because they've turned the joy of traveling into a horror show. Out of fear, HUSTLER's editorial director will never board an airplane. After all these years of admonishing him, I have to admit he may be on to something.

Recently ABC canceled *Pan Am*, a series about the legendary airline started decades ago by the even more legendary aviation pioneer Juan Trippe. Set in the early 1960s, *Pan Am* focused on what used to be a posh and thrilling experience. Travelers wore their finest clothing for the journey, and they dined on good food and drinks while being served by very attractive and accommodating stewardesses. Pan American Airways' only concern was the complete comfort of the customer.

One of the undeserving survivors from those sunnier times is United Airlines. To my shock, when my wife and I checked in for our United flight with two pieces of luggage, we were charged an additional $50. They were essential for our trip from New York to San Francisco, where we'd be spending nine days away from home. Overnight bags wouldn't cut it. But $25 per bag? That's unmitigated greed.

But the avarice didn't stop there. On the way back, my suitcase was seven pounds overweight due to a pair of salamis I'd purchased in San Francisco. United wanted an extra $100 for weight overage. Them's some pretty expensive salamis. Needless to say, my wife and I each carried one onto the plane, thus saving $100—at the expense of what little was left of our dignity.

The main problem with charging so much for checked luggage is that it translates into pain on the plane. Rather than check their baggage, everybody tries to stuff it in the overhead bins, which are too small to accommodate all the passengers. If you board the plane at the back of the line, all the bins are taken by the time you get to your seat.

So now you're sitting there with a bag on your lap when a nasty flight attendant comes over and barks, "You can't keep that there!" You are ordered to stow the damned thing under the seat in front of you, thus giving up what little leg room you had for the six-hour flight in economy class.

Of course I fly economy. Why eat up my precious frequent-flyer miles on a minor difference in service? Those of us in economy sneer at the first-class and business-class folks as we pass through to the leper section in the back of the plane. Those classes aren't what they used to be anyway.

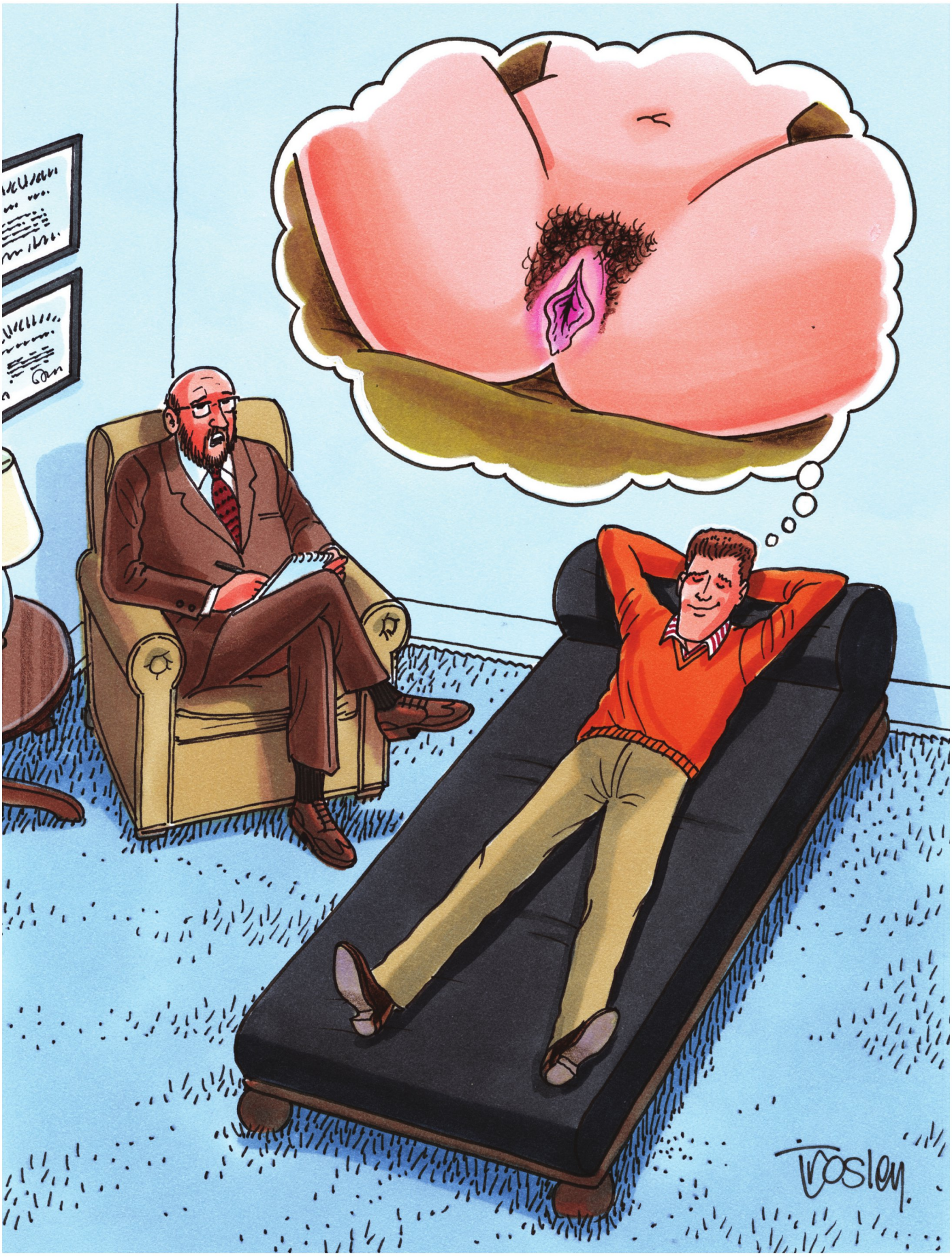
(By the way, isn't it just plain cruel to trot us past those smug first-class and business-class travelers? Besides, shouldn't the "superior" classes be in the back of the plane? After all, it's a well-known statistic that you're more likely to survive a plane crash sitting back there.)

Here's a new wrinkle. The economy section has become smaller. Whereas it once took up maybe two-thirds of the aircraft, it now constitutes a little over half that. Naturally, the space devoted to the higher classes has been expanded, forcing many air travelers to purchase a more expensive seat when the economy section is completely booked.

I wish I could say this was only a United Airlines problem. A friend of mine had his share of woe. He was traveling to the same function I was. His flight to San Francisco got canceled, so he was switched to a later one. Going home, the same thing happened. That was on American Airlines, and he was flying first class. No wonder it's in bankruptcy.

I have to say that in recent years I've flown with only one carrier that's provided great pleasure and comfort: Virgin America. And it's not even American-owned. Maybe this country's airlines should check out what Virgin America is doing right—then attempt to follow suit. Chances are United and all the rest won't because they're dinosaurs. It's like flying Pterodactyl Airways.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).



"First I want you to imagine a place that brings you peace, satisfaction and true contentment..."

Vote for Larry

Guess what? I read HUSTLER for the articles. I just finished reading Robert Scheer's column "Immoral Values Republican" [July '12] about Newt Gingrich. Two things occurred to me when I finished it. One: There's nothing wrong with any politician in this country because they're just like we all are to some degree, albeit times 20, at least. Two: The problems we face are the result of some seriously fucked-up voters.

How can anyone alive today—having seen the series of Presidents who've inhabited the White House for the past 40-plus years—listen to any of the front-runners, be happy with what they hear and vote another dick into office?

Anybody voting Democrat or Republican is throwing away his vote looking for changes like the ones promised by Obama, which we're all still waiting to see. Harry Truman was the last good President. When the hell is Larry Flynt going to get off his ass and run? He already has the best forum in the country and my vote.

—George Seibert
San Diego, California

High Standards

I am a notorious criminal and *America's Most Wanted* alumnus who'll probably be incarcerated forever. I'm here to commend your flagship magazine as well as its hardcore sister publication HUSTLER XXX, whose issue #78 I recently acquired through a complicated porn swap with another inmate. In that issue, there's one particular model, referred to simply as "Nicole," who has that slutty-yet-demure quality I look for but so rarely find in my ideal porn chick. The HUSTLER XXX series is a hot commodity here at Clinton Correctional, and that's saying a lot. Believe me, we have very high porn standards here.

—Peter Braunstein
Dannemora, New York

The "slutty-yet-demure" model's name is Nicole Ray.

Stoners & Sex

Thank you, Mr. Flynt, for publishing HUSTLER, a great magazine that I have enjoyed since 2001. I started buying HUSTLER videos about five years ago and now have a decent collection. I have an idea for two parodies: *This Ain't Cheech & Chong XXX*—a Flynt twist on those classic cannabis characters—and *Cheeks & Thong*, a lesbian version where the girls have trippy sexual encounters with other beautiful women. Your latest video *This Ain't Jaws XXX* is one I would love to get.

—Chris Strand
Farmington, New Mexico

Not a Keeper?

I have a subscription to your magazine and have now received five out of the ten issues I ordered. I think your photography is ridiculous. You show women up too close. You never show the entire woman. No feet, and photos are blurry. Many just have panties pulled down. I like to see a totally nude woman from head to toe. That's why you buy a porn magazine. I am very disappointed. Not one issue I have has a photo that's a keeper.

—Stephen Vandall
Danese, West Virginia

Let's get this straight: A woman's breasts and vagina aren't enough. You want more feet and toes. Are you trying to tell us something, Stephen?

We're Sorry!

I almost went blind when I saw Ann Coulter's picture [*Asshole of the Month*, July '12]. A sure way to kill a hard-on is with the face of that nasty bitch. That almost made my balls shrivel up, even with that face being on a donkey's ass. Please don't fuck with us like that.

—Gregory Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin

Begging for bush? One HUSTLER *reader is a huge fan of more hair down there, à la Czech beauty Silvie Deluxe.*

Undergrowth

I just received my July '12 issue and will be renewing my subscription. I'm in my early 50s, and I love to see at least some hair. This issue was great, especially Alexis Texas ["Moving 'n' Grooving"] with that beautiful patch of hers. Not to mention the nice landing strip that Silvie Deluxe ["Silky Smooth"] has. I also love your classic pictorials. Keep up the good work.

—K.P.
Cleveland, Ohio

Energy Reform

President Barack Obama's calling on Congress to end tax subsidies for the oil and gas industry should make Americans ask this fundamental question: What is the difference between what a public, nonprofit utility company provides and what a private, for-profit oil company provides? After all, they both sell energy to U.S. citizens. The difference is that natural gas and electricity are sold in the form of a public good, whereas oil is sold as a private good.

Accordingly, on the grounds of promoting national security, the United States Congress should convert all oil companies to utility companies (i.e., nationalize them). This would eliminate the windfall profits and force the oil industry to earn just enough income to cover operating expenses, just as natural gas and electric utility companies are required to do.

The resulting drop in gasoline prices would further stimulate the economy and lighten the energy stranglehold the Middle East has on the United States. Desperate times call for deliberate measures.

—Joe Bialek
Cleveland, Ohio

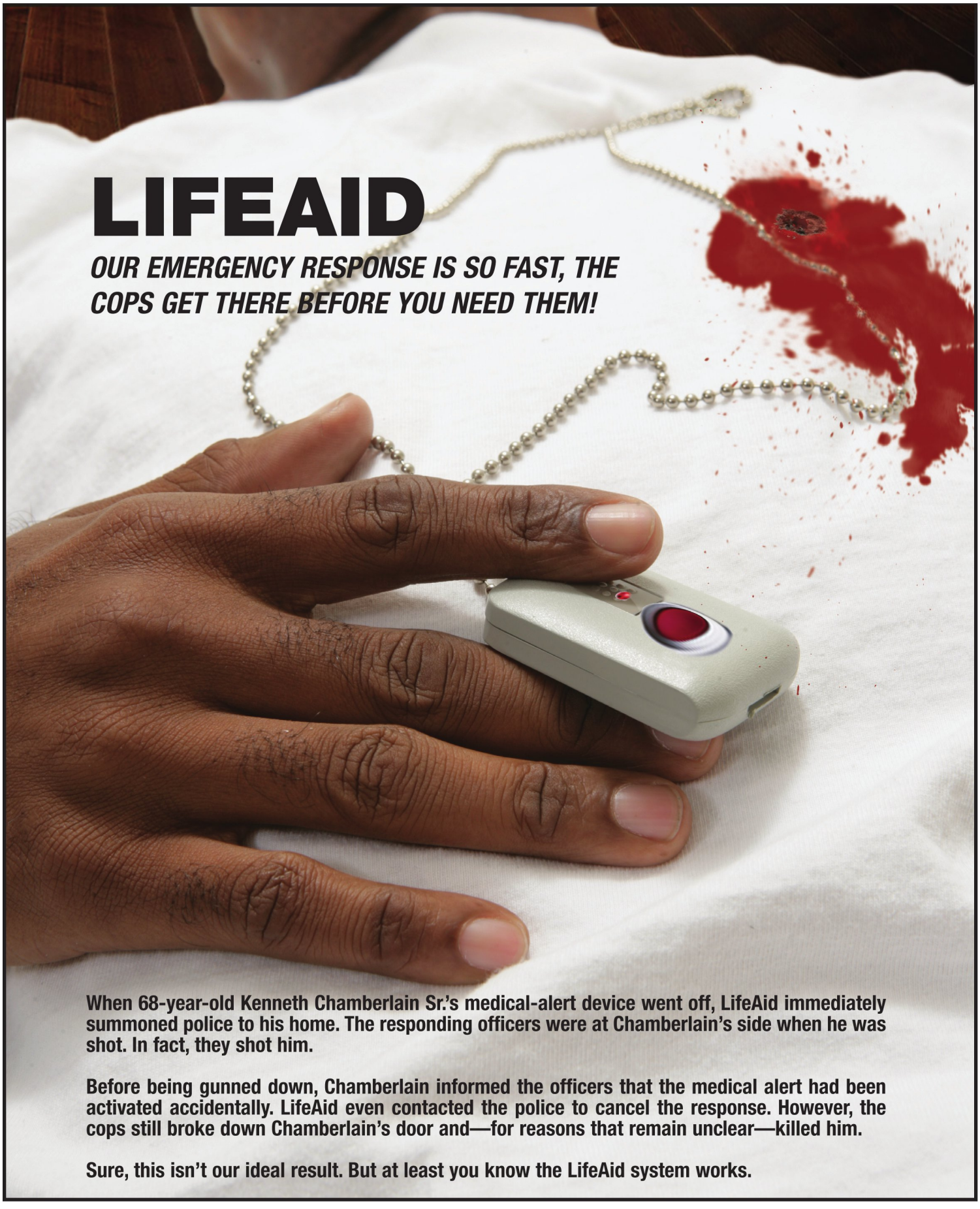
Foxy Fantasy

I hope you make the Celebrity Fantasy Centerfold [Megan Fox, July '12] a monthly standard because it beats the shit out of the Celebrity Fantasy dick-in-her-mouth shtick.

—M.A.
Russellville, Kentucky

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

I'D ASK YOU IN, RODNEY - BUT I'VE STARTED MY PERIOD.
WHAT, YOU DON'T HAVE A BUTTHOLE?!
J. BILLHEIMER


LIFEAID
OUR EMERGENCY RESPONSE IS SO FAST, THE COPS GET THERE BEFORE YOU NEED THEM!
When 68-year-old Kenneth Chamberlain Sr.'s medical-alert device went off, LifeAid immediately summoned police to his home. The responding officers were at Chamberlain's side when he was shot. In fact, they shot him.
Before being gunned down, Chamberlain informed the officers that the medical alert had been activated accidentally. LifeAid even contacted the police to cancel the response. However, the cops still broke down Chamberlain's door and—for reasons that remain unclear—killed him.
Sure, this isn't our ideal result. But at least you know the LifeAid system works.

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary on police brutality in America. Kenneth Chamberlain Sr. of White Plains, New York, was killed after police responded to a false alarm sent by his LifeAid bracelet. Mr. Chamberlain reportedly told the cops that he didn't need help, but they broke down his door, whereupon the former Marine was reportedly Tasered, taunted with racial epithets and shot twice in the chest. This is only the most recent example of cops apparently using excessive force against citizens. For more information, visit **PoliceBrutality.info**. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

FRANK LUNTZ

Just look at that face. What does it tell you? When we at HUSTLER look at it, we see the kind of guy who was bullied in high school and a loner in college. No friends, male or female—especially not female. Actually, political consultant and Fox News commentator Frank Luntz looks gay. Not macho gay, more nebbish gay. It's what we call the Karl Rove Syndrome: the need to pay back your former peers for all the shit you got while growing up.

Like Rove, Luntz has figured that one out. He's intent on making life as miserable as possible for everyone in the 99%, and he can do it thanks to his gift for propaganda. Luntz is probably the Republican Party's single most important strategist. That's because he is a master at using language—or should we say perverting language?—to sway America's voters. For example, he changed the term *inheritance tax* to *death tax*. Why? Because he recognized that the words *death tax* stirred resentment in people, unlike *inheritance tax*.

During a 2003 interview on the PBS program *Frontline*, Luntz declared, "Eighty percent of our life is emotion, and only 20% is intellect. I am much more interested in how you feel than how you think." Of course he is. If people think about the issues, they'll see that the Republicans are out to screw the average working-class American. The way around that is emotionally loaded words that obscure the truth. Can you say "Orwellian"? Luntz can.

In fact, Luntz actually redefined the word *Orwellian*, which traditionally describes pretty much the kind of thing that Luntz does: redefine reality, making what's not real seem real. But Luntz, keying in on George Orwell's essay "Politics and the English Language," has cooked up a totally different meaning: "To be Orwellian is to speak with absolute clarity, to be succinct, to explain what the event is, to talk about what triggers something happening…and to do so without any pejorative whatsoever." Can you say "evil"?

Yes, Luntz is evil. If he's not, then the word *evil* has no meaning at all. Luntz is the guy who convinced the George W. Bush Administration to use the term *global climate change* instead of *global warming* because it sounded less alarming. This was, you understand, all part of the GOP's strategy to convince people that the issue of global warming was still being debated among scientists even though Luntz, the strategist, knew "the scientific debate is closing [against us] but not yet closed." In other words: Fuck the planet and obstruct climate science. That's evil, isn't it? It's certainly dishonest.

Dishonesty adheres to Frank Luntz like dog shit to a shoe. In 1996, his dubious methodology caught the attention of the American Association for Public Opinion Research (AAPOR), which asked to see some of his polling data. Citing client confidentiality, Luntz refused.

Here's how Diane Colasanto, then AAPOR president, responded: "We understand the need for confidentiality, but once a pollster makes results public, the information needs to be public. People need to be able to evaluate whether it was sound research."

The National Council on Public Polls censured Luntz "for allegedly mischaracterizing on MSNBC the results of focus groups" he'd conducted during the 2000 Republican National Convention. In September 2004, MSNBC dropped Luntz from its planned coverage of that year's Presidential debate when Media Matters released a letter outlining Luntz's GOP ties and questionable polling methodology.

More recently, Luntz was given the 2010 PolitiFact Lie of the Year award for convincing Republicans to use the term *government takeover* when referring to healthcare reform. (FYI: PolitiFact is a Pulitzer Prize-winning fact-checking Web site.) Luntz knew that in the public's mind, government takeovers are evil—something dictators do. By applying that pejorative term to Obamacare, Republican lawmakers were reasonably successful in avoiding a discussion about what the bill really sought to accomplish: health insurance for all. (The healthcare program wasn't to be run by the government in any case; the insurance companies would retain control but be better regulated.)

In a memo to the GOP discussing Obama's plan to create jobs, Luntz wrote: "It is tempting to counterattack using facts and figures. Resist the temptation. … The President's language works because it speaks to a series of individual proposals that common sense suggests will lead to job creation." In other words, deceive the public. Stay away from those pesky facts. Lie.

Today Luntz, through deception and lies, continues his efforts to help the GOP wield power in Washington. One of his main targets is the Occupy Wall Street movement, which he's admitted has him "so scared" that he's "frightened to death. They're having an impact on what the American people think about capitalism." So Luntz has coined some new terms with which to frame—or should we say obfuscate—the Republicans' argument.

Here are some of the most glaring examples: Instead of *government spending*, Republicans refer to *government waste*. Instead of *rich*, they say *job creator*. Instead of *Wall Street*, they say *Washington*. This last switcheroo is very instructive. It's actually Wall Street that controls our government, but Luntz and his fellow pro-Big Business right-wingers would have you believe the precise opposite is true.

So what more can we say about someone who makes his living by deceiving people? That Luntz is a pathetic excuse for a human being? Yes, without a doubt. That he is responsible for the corruption of our political process? He's certainly one of the people responsible. That he's a douchebag? Absolutely. Most of all, however, we see Frank Luntz as a man who has betrayed the very precepts of the democracy he lives in. We see him as a traitor.

HOUSE OF HAUNTED HUMPING

These creepy pics depict the remnants of an abandoned Japanese erotica museum. Dubbed the Mansion of the Hidden Treasure, the attraction opened in 1978 and closed its doors to perverts in 1997. Since then, the site has been looted, but a few artifacts remain. What a sad reminder that time stops for no man—or penis statue. These photos were provided by Florian Seidel, who runs an awesome blog dedicated to deserted structures. For more info, visit **AbandonedKansai.Wordpress.com**.

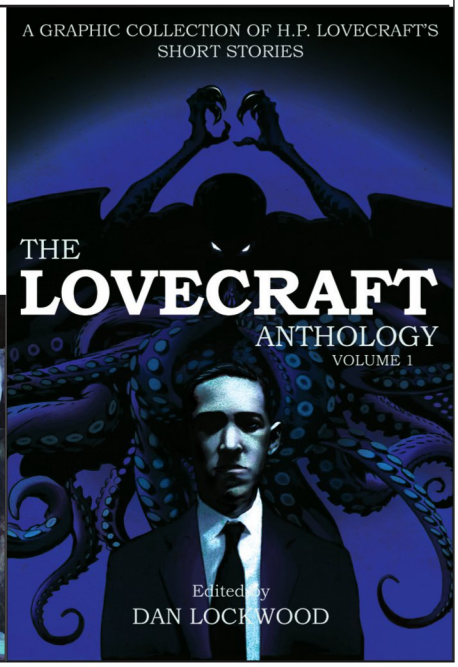
PHOTOS BY FLORIAN SEIDEL

"We make up horrors to help us cope with the real ones." —STEPHEN KING, MASTER OF THE MACABRE

CREEPY CTHULHU

The Lovecraft Anthology: Volume I (SelfMadeHero, $19.95, 120 pages) delivers for the first time a stunning visual interpretation of H.P. Lovecraft's disturbing stories. A pioneer in the sci-fi/horror/fantasy genres, Lovecraft (1890-1937) is perhaps best known for dreaming up Cthulhu. The huge, nightmare-inspiring, octopuslike monster is depicted in a number of the anthology's 108 full-color illustrations, which perfectly capture the moody, unsettling tone of Lovecraft's stories.

To order *The Lovecraft Anthology: Volume I*, visit **SelfMadeHero.com** or **AbramsBooks.com**.



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Ann Romney LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

When commentator Hilary Rosen called Ann Romney unqualified to advise husband Mitt on economic matters because the GOP Presidential candidate's wife had "never worked a day in her life," conservative critics responded with fake outrage. Rosen was blasted for daring to suggest that a stay-at-home mom with a multimillionaire spouse (and God knows how many nannies) might not understand the plight of a woman working 80 hours a week at Walmart to pay the rent. If Ann wants to gain some valuable experience in the working world before Election Day, here's an example of a job she might be good at.

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Ann Romney actually exists. We've heard that if Mormons even think about oral sex, their magic underwear bursts into flames. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

PORN FROM THE PAST

Here's a stunning image from yesteryear that's perfect for our Halloween Issue. It's a devilishly cool costume, but we're particularly pleased that the gal gave us a good look at what's underneath. This is probably what Pat Robertson's nightmares (and wet dreams) look like. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

THE GROTESQUE G.O.P.

Just in time for Halloween, here are two of HUSTLER's favorite conservative nutjobs reconfigured as hideous monsters. Not much of a stretch, is it? These images were taken from the book *Repuglicans* (BOOM! Town, $14.99), which features the art of Pete Von Sholly with accompanying political commentary by Steve Tatham. It's available at **Boom-Studios.com**.

ANN COULTER RUSH LIMBAUGH

"Do the thing you fear most, and the death of fear is certain." —MARK TWAIN, LITERARY ICON

NEWSBITES

DANCING WITH HIMSELF

Most workers don't provide a running commentary when they're shamefully masturbating on the job. It seems a Santa Fe, New Mexico, police officer didn't get that memo. An onboard camera was rolling when the sergeant decided to choke the chicken in his patrol car. The audio from the cop's loquacious wanking session (at one point he moaned something about "big beautiful breasts") was all preserved for posterity. Masturbating at work is a dangerous prospect. The only place where being a jerkoff won't get you fired is Fox News.

BANGING OUT BABIES

A Dutch man came up with an innovative way to meet women. The 42-year-old farms himself out to gals looking to get pregnant—with one catch. Rather than donate his sperm in a test tube, the horndog meets up with fertile ladies and gives them a dose of the old in-and-out. In just under a decade, he's generated more than 80 offspring. We haven't seen that many bastards in one place since the Republican National Convention.

COLD FISH

Egypt's parliament is considering legislation that would permit a husband to have sex with his wife up to six hours after her death. The proposed edict—dubbed the "Farewell Intercourse" law—is part of a wave of measures introduced by Islamist factions looking to roll back women's rights in the turbulent country. It is nice to know that there's a place in the world where rigid, lifeless women are apparently considered attractive. Arizona Governor Jan Brewer should move to Egypt.

SEXUAL OVERLOAD

The *Province*, a Canadian newspaper, reported on a German fellow who encountered an uncommon problem: He was getting too much sex. Apparently the Munich resident accompanied a fräulein back to her apartment for some sausage insertion. But after a bout or two of screwing, the porkee wasn't satisfied. She refused to let the guy leave, so he hailed the police. The woman is now facing possible criminal charges of sexual assault and illegal restraint. Unfortunately, the law doesn't offer equal protection for those suffering from too little sex. Good luck getting a cop to arrest your wife for refusing to give you a hummer after an elegant, no-expenses-spared dinner at the Olive Garden.

"Everybody is a book of blood; wherever we're opened, we're red." —CLIVE BARKER, HORROR NOVELIST/FILMMAKER

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #35

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

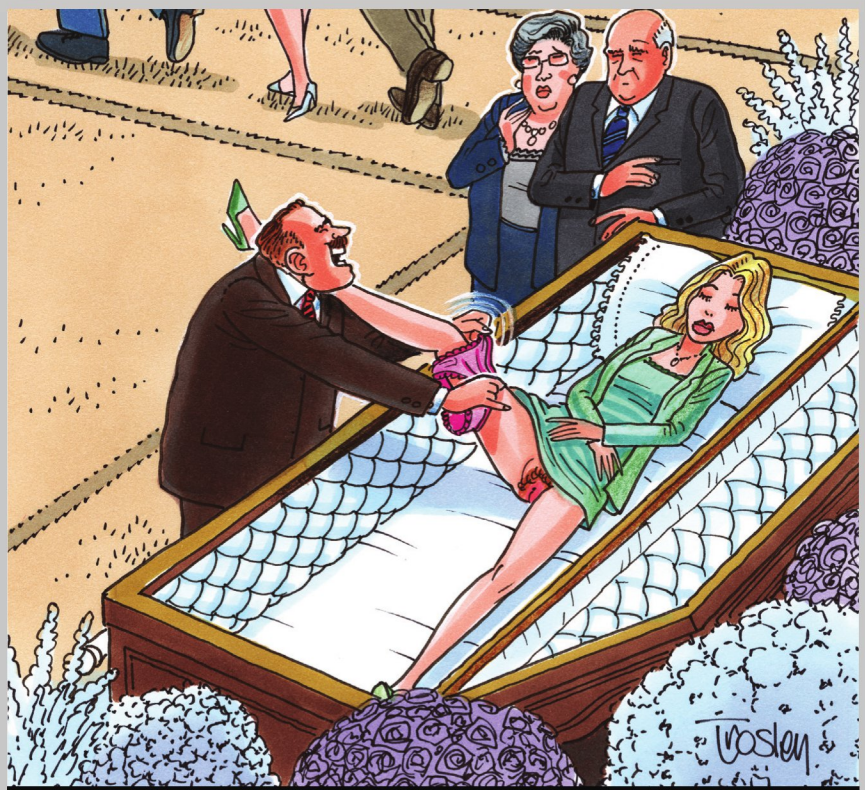
Apparently top dog Timothy Geithner and the Treasury Department are cooking the books, concealing the true cost of the TARP bailout program and cherry-picking data to make it look like a sound investment. But it's all smoke and mirrors—just more bullshit sliding off of Geithner's forked tongue. According to Christy Romero, TARP's special inspector general, the profitability of TARP is a "widely held misconception." Romero also alluded to other problems with TARP, such as the fact that it made the too-big-to-fail banks even bigger. TARP is also thought to have encouraged future risky bank conduct by signaling that the federal government will always shield financial institutions from failure. Thanks, Timmy! For this and many more reasons, we will continue to shit on Geithner's head until he either gets fired or quits.

PHOTO COURTESY BYRON PURVIS/ADMEDIA/NEWSCOM

THE SEX FILES

When Gillian Anderson revealed in the pages of *Out* magazine that she was bisexual, lady nerds swooned. But the *X-Files* star is just the latest female celebrity to confess to playing for both teams, joining a list topped by Evan Rachel Wood, Tila Tequila and Amber Rose. Bisexuality simply isn't shocking anymore. For Gillian to create a true media buzz, she needed a bigger secret: having a threesome with a Martian and the Loch Ness Monster.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"No matter where I go, I always bring something back for Junior..."

XXX-ORIENTED AVATARS

For those of you who have longed to attend a porn expo without leaving your home (or donning pants), the future has finally arrived. The Adult Entertainment Virtual Convention was staged recently in cyberspace, attracting more than 8,000 industry professionals and fans. "Attendees" watched on computer screens while their avatars roamed the showroom and attended panels on topics ranging from the legal side of the XXX biz to the "art of anal." For more information, visit **AdultVirtualConvention.com**.

KUDOS FOR BELLA & BUTTMAN

Belladonna and John Stagliano were recently enshrined in the HUSTLER Walk of Fame, joining such XXX luminaries as Jenna Jameson, Ginger Lynn and Nina Hartley. Belladonna, a 30-year-old performer and director, is the Walk of Fame's youngest honoree. Stagliano, fondly known in the biz as "Buttman," is the founder of Evil Angel Video. Presiding over the induction ceremony, which was held at the HUSTLER Hollywood store on L.A.'s Sunset Strip, was none other than Mr. Larry Flynt.

Larry Flynt hangs with Belladonna and John Stagliano.

COMFY COOZE

After a long day at work, sometimes all a guy wants to do is go home and climb into bed next to something soft, mute and fuckable. Teddy Babes—a new line of life-sized sex dolls—are tailor-made for just such a purpose. Teddy Babes aren't supposed to be as realistic as their more expensive, top-of-the-line silicone counterparts. Instead, these artificial girlfriends are meant to be a comforting presence similar to the stuffed teddy bear you had as a child—except yours probably didn't have a silky, easy-to-clean vagina (the "Pussy Velour" insert) that's intended to replicate the sensation of a real lady's cooze. Sadly, the Teddy Babes don't do anal. But unlike women who loathe butt-fucking, the sex dolls have a good excuse: They lack the requisite orifice.

Teddy Babes are offered in two sizes. The standard 4-foot-6-inch version goes for $700, while the 5-foot-6 deluxe models sell for $1,200. To learn more or to order one, visit **Teddy-Babes.com**.

"If human beings had genuine courage, they'd wear their costumes every day of the year, not just on Halloween." —DOUGLAS COUPLAND, WRITER

THE HOT BOX
LACEY FOXX
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

Lacey Foxx is devoted to maintaining a healthy lifestyle, but she does have one bad habit. “I hate to admit it, but I’m addicted to reality television,” Lacey relates. “I’m obsessed with *The Real Housewives of Orange County*.”

When Lacey isn’t glued to the boob tube, she spends a great deal of time keeping her body finely tuned. “I love working out,” the shipshape babe exults. “Crossfit training always makes me feel amazing.” She also enjoys listening to music—Skrillex and Deadmau5 are two favorites—and traveling. “I just got back from Thailand,” Lacey notes. “My dream destination right now is Greece.”

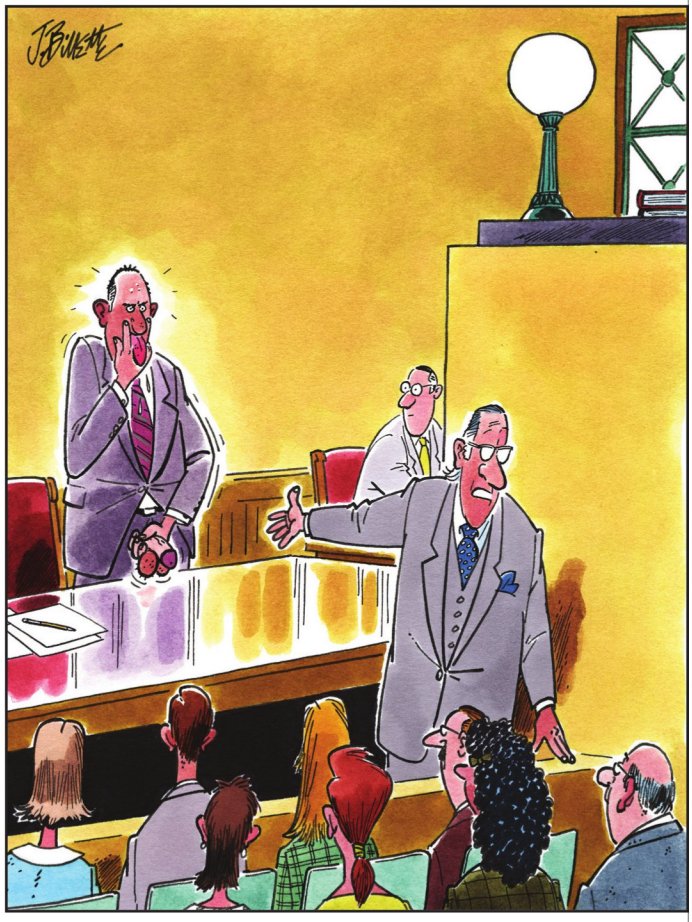
Lacey loves the idea of earning income as a nude model, but she’s been hesitant to take the plunge into XXX work. However, the bisexual blonde has thought about making a very special flick for an incredibly small audience. “My fantasy right now is to do a naughty, extremely sensual girl/girl scene,” Lacey elaborates. “But the twist is that only the other girl and I would ever get to watch it. There’s something about being in front of a camera that intensifies everything for me.”

LACEY'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Grants Pass, Oregon | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 119

"You have the right to remain silent..."

"Somewhere out there is one mean fucking bear."



"I ask the jury: Is this the face of a sexual predator?"

BY MARK JOHNSON

PORTRAIT PHOTOS BY VICTOR CICCARELLI, QUIXANA.COM

A day in the life:

HOW SCARY IS THE SCANDAL SIREN WHO HOOKED SANDRA BULLOCK'S GEARHEAD HUSBAND?

Michelle "Bombshell" McGee's affair with TV gearhead Jesse James while he was married to Hollywood good girl Sandra Bullock made the tattooed temptress notorious overnight. When photos of McGee dressed up in a Nazi outfit hit the tabloids and the Internet in 2010, she became the world's most reviled homewrecker. Now Red Light District has unleashed her first XXX sex video: *Michelle Bombshell Caught on Tape*. (See our review on page 107.) We tracked her down to find out: Just how scary *is* Michelle Bombshell?

A moody sky stretches over San Diego—sunny one minute, stormy the next—fitting for my visit to the lair of scandalous Michelle "Bombshell" McGee.

I walk up to an unassuming house in a typical '60s-style, working-class neighborhood. A dog starts yelping. "Hans!" a female voice yells, apparently calling him off. I picture a German Shepherd ripping my throat out, but the beast turns out to be a friendly French bulldog.

"Come on in!" Michelle exclaims. The notorious tabloid star, dressed in a black outfit that sets off her comic book skin, greets me with a disarming smile. The place is noticeably stripped-down, almost no furniture. Various morbid oddities accent the rooms—sculpted skulls on the walls, a mounted baby moose head, a Bombshell-sized coffin propped in the corner. Basic goth. Maybe she hid all the Third Reich regalia before I got there.

"You keep it spare," I venture.

"Easier to clean this way."

"After the Satanic rituals?"

"No!" she laughs. "I have two kids. They'd destroy everything."

"They're in school?"

She nods. "I get up at seven and take them to school. Then I watch TV, mess around on my computer, take Hans for a walk. Some days I do Pilates with my trainer. Then I pick up the kids in the afternoon. Seriously, I'm the most boring person. A couple of nights a week I dance at Pure Platinum, a local strip club."

I point at the moose head. "Is that real?"

"No," Michelle laughs. She crosses the room to a knickknacks shelf and grabs a couple of items. "But these are!" she says, posing with a severed wallaby paw and a pair of kangaroo balls on a keyring. "Gifts from Australia. I go there for sex expos."

MICHELLE "BOMBSHELL" MCGEE

Michelle talks in a simple, nonphony voice—not the usual California stripper-chick put-on. "I'm from Ohio," she explains. "Near the Pennsylvania border where the Amish are. Grew up with Marilyn Manson and Trent Reznor. Cleveland, Mistake on the Lake!"

I nod again, mesmerized by her tattoos. "Feel like doing some show and tell?" I ask, gesturing to the inkwork.

"Sure."

"Naked?"

"Bikini."

"Would you consider a topless compromise?"

"Bikini," Michelle repeats, heading for the back bedroom. I follow, uninvited, and find myself in a warmly furnished room with dark lavender walls. Like a cozy crypt—or the inside of a body. There are pictures of our girl on the wall. At the center: a framed copy of the infamous *National Enquirer* exposé with Michelle in her Gestapo get-up. The headline screams, "Sandra's Nazi Nightmare!"

A few minutes later we're on the couch in her sun-soaked living room, Michelle in a flimsy black two-piece. On the floor, Hans goes ape-shit with a stuffed rat. "*Platz!*" she yells. German for "Stay!" Pointing to a scrawled letter *A* on her ankle, she says, "My youngest son tattooed me there."

"That's a sentence you don't hear often."

"He wanted to do an *A* for *anarchy*." She moves on to a familiar face below her knee. "And here's Jesus. He's really cool because he talks." She squeezes the savior's face between her fingers. "I use him in the club. He says, 'You should get a dance with Bombshell.' They listen to him every time."

"Good Christians," I add.

The tattoo tour continues with Hello Kitty being decapitated, the Virgin Mary with fingers crossed, another Jesus with a sword through his head and a memento of Michelle's most famous affair: a serpent traveling up the inside of her thigh. "This is my Jesse James tattoo. It says 'All men are snakes.'"

I notice a long scar near it and dare to ask.

"It's from a show I did in Australia with power tools," she explains reluctantly. "Ripped open my leg."

Suddenly, the slashing music from *Psycho*'s shower scene echoes through the house. It takes me a second to register that it's a ring tone. "That's my ex," she says, hitting ignore.

"Speaking of pain, which were the worst?"

Michelle holds up her arms. "The flowers in my armpits," she says. Then she makes two fists and puts them together. On the left is the word *evil*; on the right, *cunt*. "That's another one I hadn't really thought through," she says.

The theme continues on her thighs, where her right reads *Meine Ehre* and the left, *Heisse Treue*. "It's about staying true," Michelle explains.

"Why is it in German?" I ask.

"I don't know. It's just a slogan they use in Germany."

Correction: *used*. It translates as "My Honor Is Loyalty," the official slogan of Hitler's feared SS. I play dumb. "So, no Nazi tattoos?"

"People talk about the swastika. I do not have a swastika tattoo!"

"Have you ever had one?"

"No," she replies, then relents. "Okay, I did have a little itty-bitty one that I did with India ink and pen, prison-style, but I had it covered up a long time ago. The 'WP' [white power] was another one I got when I was a teenager. I was hanging out with a bunch of bad people. People take these little things and make a monster out of me."

"So you're not a racist, supremacist Nazi?"

"No," she laughs. "Mazel tov! But it doesn't matter what I say. The media will twist it. They had to put me up against Sandra Bullock, so what's better than a white power Nazi?"

"Still, not everybody gets tats like that."

"They're just tattoos. I don't know what they fucking mean. I'm into the art. My dog's name is Hans," she adds. "Oh, no, what does *that* mean? I must be a Nazi! And my son's name is Jewish. It's all a big riddle."

Riddle is the right word. After an hour with Michelle Bombshell, I'm already feeling a strange disconnect. I imagine a sweet single mother possessed by a demon that writes Nazi slogans on her skin.

"Even if I saved a burning orphanage, I'd still be known as the Nazi homewrecker," she says. "Bottom line is I don't care about all that ethnic stuff. I'm American—a mix of everything."

I'm tempted to give her the benefit of the doubt. Maybe her fascination with fascism was just a lust for doing what's verboten. Witness, for instance, the facial tats.

"I started getting tattoos 20 years ago, when it wasn't cool," Michelle recalls. "I was like, Fuck it! If I'm going to do it, I'm going to go big. Then I had a kid and had to get a real job. And I had this big shit-show on my face! I just went too far." She holds back her hair to show me the elaborate script on her forehead: Pray for Us Sinners. "It's from the Hail Mary."

"Are you religious?"

"No. I went through a Catholic thing for a bit. I was never raised religious, and I don't raise my kids that way. We don't even do Christmas. Halloween is our big holiday—*Dia de los Muertos*!"

"I like it, as facials go," I say.

"Thanks. *You* don't have to look at it in the mirror every day. Plus it severely limits my employment chances. I want to tell young people: Don't fuck yourself up. You think you're being trendy now,

CANDID PHOTOS BY MARK JOHNSON

but down the line it's not cool."

"Don't you crave attention?"

"Oddly, I don't," Michelle replies. "I have tattoos and dance, so what do I expect? But I don't like the infamy even if I like the money that comes along with it. Sometimes, being anonymous is so much better. I can't walk down the street without being recognized."

We decide to test that claim and head for the supermarket. On the way, we pass a Southern Baptist church. "We should go in there, shoot some pictures."

She laughs. "I'd go up in flames! It's funny though. My boyfriend is super Christian. He grew up in Pennsylvania, Amish country. So we're very similar."

"You lost me."

"Seriously. I'm obsessed with the Amish way of life, except for their religious views. The Amish don't follow the rules; they make their own."

A little farther on we pass a police station. "They know me," Michelle says.

"Run-ins with the law?"

"Nope, never been arrested. They know me from the strip club. They come in for happy hour." She points out the window at an airport on our left, where a helicopter hovers. "I plan to go there and get my helicopter pilot's license," she says. "When the zombie apocalypse happens, staying up in the air will be the only way to survive."

"That's reasonable," I say. "Let me guess—horror fan."

"Love horror movies! *Night of the Living Dead*, the original, is by far my favorite. My dad took me to see that as a kid."

"That explains some things."

We make it to the Vons supermarket safely. She shuns the carts as we go in. "Did I tell you I'm a germophobe?" she asks. "My biggest fear is pushing a shopping cart. My kids have to do it."

Scene from *Michelle Bombshell Caught on Tape*

PHOTO COURTESY RED LIGHT DISTRICT

We draw a few rubberneck looks from the normals as Michelle browses the meat section. "Meat good," she says in a caveman voice. "Vegetables have never touched my mouth! I don't like the texture; it grosses me out."

We drop by the pharmacy counter, and Michelle picks up pain pills for her roommate, who's recovering from a boob job. "Let's go have a good time," she jokes, shaking the bag.

"You a pill popper?"

"No! I'm supersensitive to drugs. I get anxiety about what's going to happen to

(continued on page 139)

THE SUPERH

BY JOSEPH BOSNICH **Sooner than you can howl "Shazam!," a porn studio has released yet another hard-core parody of Hollywood's latest superhero flick. As a whimsical Halloween treat,**

Top-row photos: A, E & H from *Katwoman XXX*/photos courtesy Bluebird Films; B & D from *The Justice League of Pornstar Heroes*/photos courtesy Exquisite Multimedia; C & G from *Batman XXX: A Porn Parody*/photos courtesy Vivid Entertainment; F from *Wonder Woman XXX*/photo courtesy Mile High Media; I from *Spider-Man XXX: A Porn Parody*/photo courtesy Vivid Entertainment.

Bottom-row photos: 1) Portraying the supersensual, titular heroine of *Katwoman XXX*, Dylan Ryder is purr-fectly cast to pounce on villainous scum like Two Face (Mr. Pete)/photo courtesy Bluebird Films. 2) Roxanne

EROINES OF XXX

we've rounded up a gaggle of superheroines from the XXX world—and some hot-looking villainesses to boot. Badass babes like Wonderchick and Batgirl provide such a potent kick, before you can say "Wham! Bam! Thank you, Katwoman!," you won't know what hit you.

E.
Kagney Linn Karter as Superchick

F.
Tori Black as Wonder Woman

G.
Lexi Belle as Batgirl

H.
Jennifer Dark as Wonderchick

I.
Brooklyn Lee as the Black Widow (with Xander Corvus as Spider-Man)

3.

4.

5.

Hall's Catwoman gets dynamically duoed by Scott Lyons (left) and Evan Stone in *The Justice League of Pornstar Heroes*/photo courtesy Exquisite Multimedia. 3) Superchick (Kagney Linn Karter) reveals her crime crusader's arsenal in *Katwoman XXX*/photo courtesy Bluebird Films. 4) Wonder Woman (Chanel Preston) tackles the dastardly General (Tommy Gunn) via her potent pussy powers in *The Justice League of Pornstar Heroes*/photo courtesy Exquisite Multimedia. 5) Tori Black delivers a memorably slinky rendition of dark temptress Catwoman in *Batman XXX: A Porn Parody*/photo courtesy Vivid Entertainment.

will she?

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6) Batgirl (Lexi Belle) has a bone to pick with the Boy Wonder (James Deen) in *Batman XXX: A Porn Parody*/photo courtesy Vivid Entertainment. 7) Assuming the position, Wonderchick (Jennifer Dark) is ready to rid the world of vermin in *Katwoman XXX*/photo courtesy Bluebird Films. 8) The Black Widow (Brooklyn Lee) offers an open invitation to carnal mayhem in *Spider-Man XXX: A Porn Parody*/photo courtesy Vivid Entertainment. 9) *Wonder Woman XXX*'s Tori Black appears to be in superheroine heaven as she's probed by guest star Ralph Long/photo courtesy Mile High Media.

RAVISHING REVOLUTIONARY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

ABIGAILE JOHNSON

Abigaile Johnson knows precisely where she got her radical tendencies. “I was born in Czechoslovakia during the Velvet Revolution,” the free-thinking beauty explains. “The country changed overnight, and that revolutionary spirit is definitely in my blood. I’ve never liked authority figures, and I like doing what I want!”

Abigaile’s life changed when she began working in the XXX industry shortly after turning 18. It’s been an odyssey. “I fly all over Europe for different shoots,” **Abigaile** discloses. “I spend a lot of time in hotels, which is fun right now, but I might get sick of it someday.”

The babe has racked up countless miles. “I did a few porn movies in Japan,” **Abigaile** recalls. “I played a British schoolgirl in Tokyo who gets into these sexy situations. It was fun, such a unique experience. Thankfully, no one could tell how bad my English was!”

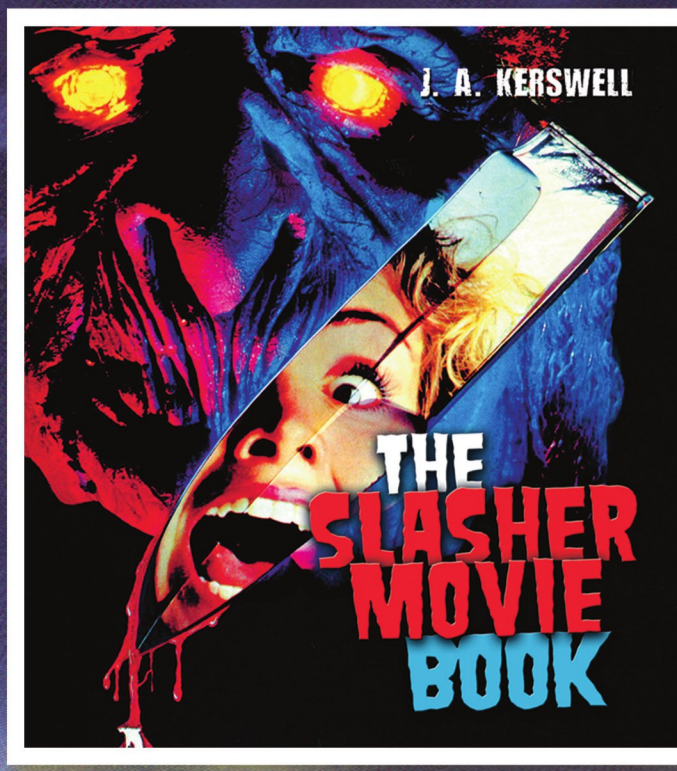
Abigaile adds, “I’ve been to America a few times. It’s a culture shock, but I’m getting adjusted. It gets easier the better I get with the language. I love talking to people, so it’s always fun to practice my English.”

Reflecting on her career, **Abigaile** notes, "I'm grateful that my job lets me live out my fantasies and that I get to see the world at the same time. Some people may question my choices, but I will always follow my heart."

ABIGAILE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Prague | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 116

For more Abigaile Johnson, we recommend *Barely Legal #129* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 108 to order by mail.

THE SLASHER MOVIE BOOK



The formula for a successful slasher flick is simple: Take a maniacal and seemingly otherworldly killer, toss in a gaggle of big-breasted topless women screaming for their lives, add a touch of gore and a splash of blood, and you have the perfect entertainment designed to both thrill and disgust. For many of us who grew up before Internet porn, these B-movies were our first chance to see real, live, naked chicks running around. Sure, the acting was terrible, and the girls ended up covered in blood, but beggars can't be choosers. Naked is naked!

The Slasher Movie Book by J.A. Kerswell is unequivocally the most extensive chronicle of the horror subgenre ever compiled. It features thousands of graphic, full-color images, including stills, lobby cards and poster art from several decades' worth of these macabre movies. Kerswell's incredible compendium spans generations of domestic and foreign flicks, ranging from the genius of Alfred Hitchcock's 1960 masterpiece *Psycho* to the golden age of late-'70s blockbusters like *Halloween* and *Friday*

Close your eyes for a second...and sleep forever.
The SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE
Starring MICHELE MICHAELS · ROBIN STILLE · MICHAEL VIL
ANDRE HONORE · Screenplay by RITA MAE BROWN
Produced and Directed by AMY JONES

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Jean Marie Engels · Cheri Howell · Joan Prather · Greg Mullavey · Produced and Directed by Ferd and Bever
Cinematography by Ferd Sebastian · Written by Ann Cawthorne · Associate Producer Dorothea Pe
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"THE SINGLE GIRLS"

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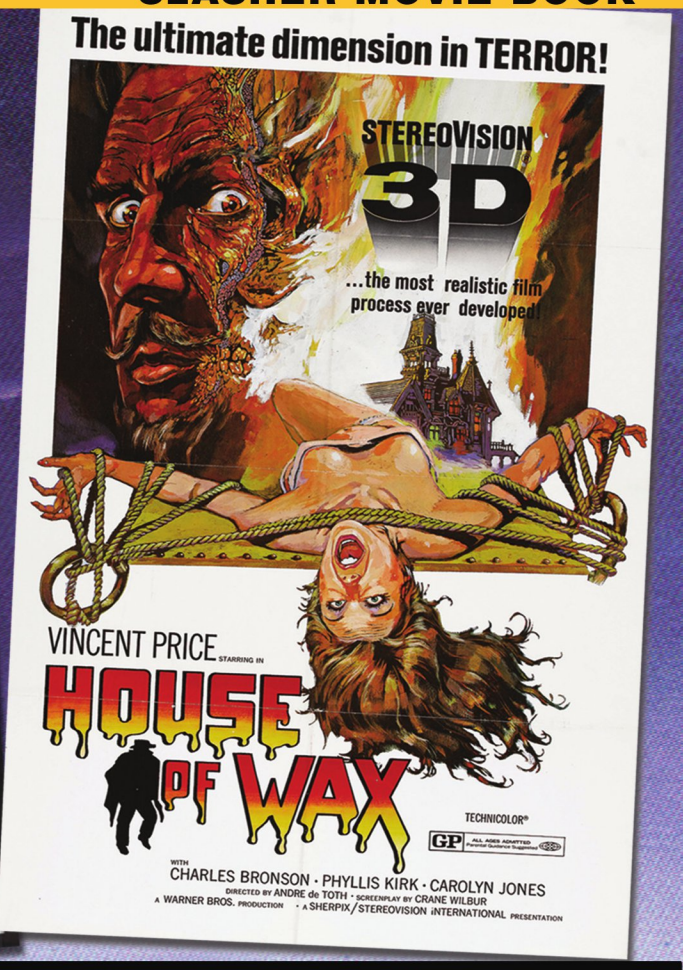
Screenplay By Robert Zimmerman and William P. Milling Produced and Directed by Simon Nuchtern

BIT BY BIT...BY BIT HE CARVED A NIGHTMARE!
What he does to your nerves is almost as frightening as what he does to his victims!
THE TOOLBOX MURDERS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A WOOLNER BROS. PRESENTATION
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Produced by Alfred Mirabel - Directed by MARIO BAVA

the 13th to the resurgence of the concept in thrillers like 1997's *I Know What You Did Last Summer.* Alongside the photos, the book provides detailed time lines and plot synopses from key films making this bloody-good tome a must-have for die-hard horror fans.

J.A. Kerswell's *The Slasher Movie Book* is available from IPG (Independent Publishing Group) and at better bookstores everywhere. And because we want you to have a *great* Halloween treat, HUSTLER is giving away five copies of this killer book. See box on the right.

WIN A COPY OF *SLASHER MOVIE BOOK*!

For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to ***The Slasher Movie Book* Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

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FULL BLOOM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

LAYLA ROSE

Layla Rose always wanted to be in the spotlight. It just took a while. "I got to be an extra in mainstream movies when I was a kid," the lovely Latina recalls. "I took acting classes but mostly did background work. It was kinda fun but boring too because extras are supposed to blend into the walls and not stand out."

Layla now stands out as a nude model and XXX actress specializing in lesbian fare. "I perform with women, but a lot of my fantasies are about men," the stacked hottie discloses. "I want that knight in shining armor to swoop me off to bed and please me in every way possible. Strong, brave guys bring out my bad-girl side."

Although **Layla** admires the heroic type, her Mr. Right must have the whole package. "I'm attracted to men who are tough but sensitive," she confides. "I like a guy who's energetic, talkative and determined. And it won't hurt his chances if he has a nice smile that makes my heart flutter!"

Finding a great mate isn't her only interest. "I'm really into fashion as a way to express myself," **Layla** relates. "The clothes we wear are important; they tell the world who we are. I'm also passionate about music and traveling, but my main obsession is Marilyn Monroe. She's my idol!"

Layla's career keeps her busy, so the steamy señorita relishes relaxation time. "Curling up in a bubble bath with a book about Marilyn is a great way to end the day," she gushes.

Sounds good, **Layla**. Got any room in your tub?

For another dose of Layla Rose, try *Barely Legal #114* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 108 to order by mail.

LAYLA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-0 | WEIGHT: 105

INTERVIEW BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

TOM SIX: THE MAN BEHIND THE HUMAN CENTIPEDE MOVIES

THE INFAMOUS DIRECTOR DISCUSSES HIS CONTROVERSIAL HORROR FILMS—AND WHY SOME PEOPLE WANT HIM DEAD!

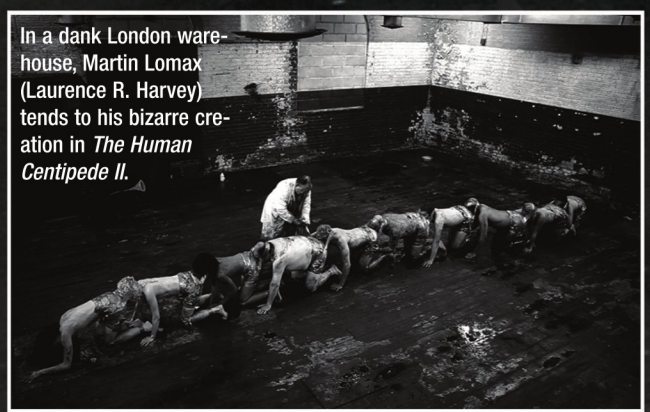
Could a human centipede actually be created—and survive? Yes, according to Tom Six. Before making his 2009 shocker *The Human Centipede (First Sequence)*, the Dutch filmmaker consulted a doctor and found that it was, indeed, medically possible to connect one person's mouth to another's anus in tandem.

"Feces is, of course, not nutritious," Six recently told HUSTLER. (No shit, Tom!) "But the doctor said that if you feed the centipede with an IV, using vitamins and the proper fluids, it could live for a very long time."

Six proceeded to realistically depict the creation of a "100% medically accurate" human centipede in *HC1*. Taking depravity to uncharted depths, its main character is a mad scientist who surgically attaches the unconscious bodies of three young tourists he'd kidnapped and drugged. Thanks to his off-the-wall movie, Six found himself receiving death threats, but that didn't deter him.

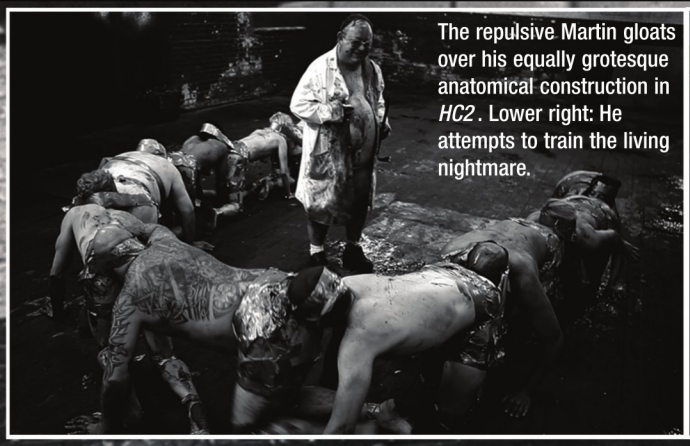
With 2011's *The Human Centipede II (Full Sequence)*, Six delivered an even more outrageous sequel. This time, a social misfit named Martin Lomax, obsessed with the original *Human Centipede* movie, haphazardly creates his own 12-person freakazoid. There's everything from rape to infanticide, along with oodles of gore, buckets of blood and way more scatological imagery. (In fact, complimentary barf bags were supplied to some audiences.) The British Board of Film Classification found *HC2* so offensive and all-around stomach-turning that it was banned until two and a half minutes of footage were trimmed. Australia's censors briefly okayed the movie then issued a ban. Ultimately, only 30 seconds were deleted to retain an R18+ rating.

The sequel led to even more death threats for Six. Will he ever learn? Apparently not. Now he's planning *The Human Centipede III (Final Sequence)*, which—according to Six—will make *HC2* "look like a Disney movie."



In a dank London warehouse, Martin Lomax (Laurence R. Harvey) tends to his bizarre creation in *The Human Centipede II*.

ALL PHOTOS © SIX ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY



The repulsive Martin gloats over his equally grotesque anatomical construction in *HC2*. Lower right: He attempts to train the living nightmare.

HUSTLER: Let's start with the death threats, Tom.

TOM SIX: I get some of them via Facebook, but mostly through direct mail to our company [Six Entertainment]. People will write things like "If you can make films like *The Human Centipede I* and *II*, then you must be insane…a threat to humanity." Some say that I'm worse than Hitler and should be killed. Others go so far as to say that they want to cut me open with glass or shoot me through the head. It's hard for these people to separate reality from fiction. They're threatening me because they just can't handle the films.

But in real life, I'm the total opposite of what I put on the screen. I'm afraid of blood. I'm afraid of shit. I'm a pretty clean person. I couldn't hurt a mouse. I'm just putting my ultimate fantasies on the screen—and it's fun making movies like these.

So many films today are so politically correct and boring. Usually when I leave a theater, I immediately forget about them. They're just entertainment for the moment. I want to make films that people can't get out of their head; movies that influence or upset them. For instance, a film that really challenged audiences I think was *Hostel*. That's why I liked it so much.

How did you actually get the idea for *The Human Centipede*?

I saw a child molester on television who was a really nasty guy, and I thought, *What would be a good punishment for him?* And as a joke, I said that they should stitch his mouth to the anus of a big fat truck driver. Everybody who was in the room with me laughed. Then I thought, *My God, that's not a bad idea for a horror film!* The notion of being surgically attached to someone's ass, combined with the fact that you have to swallow his or her shit, is the ultimate horror. And that led me to the idea of making the movie.

The script came very fast. But the whole production, as you can imagine, was more difficult because it's hard to find people who want to be on their hands and knees while attached to an ass. But the two young actresses in the first film who make up the middle and tail end of the centipede [Ashley C. Williams and Ashlynn Yennie, respectively] are quite attractive.

How did you convince them to sign onto the project?

When we did the casting in New York, a lot of beautiful actresses showed up. But when I showed them the drawings I'd made of a human centipede, 70 percent of them left, saying things like "You're sick in the head!" or "You're a European pervert! I would never do this!" And I can understand their reaction because if you've gone to drama school for so many years, you don't want to do parts like that.

The smart ones, however, stayed. They wanted to know more. And to challenge them, I put them on their hands and knees with other actors and put them very close to an actor's ass in front of them. Not many girls could do that. But Ashlynn and Ashley had the biggest balls of them all because they really trusted me and thought, *God, this could be a great film. This could actually work.* Now the girls who didn't want to do the movie regret not having done it.

Did you do anything to accommodate the actors who got a faceful of rectum while forming a segment of the human centipede?

There was a very thin piece of latex between one performer's anus and the other's mouth. Obviously they weren't attached, but they were *very* close. So the actors would make jokes on the set like "No farting!" or "Be clean!" (*Laughs.*)

How do you feel about pornography?

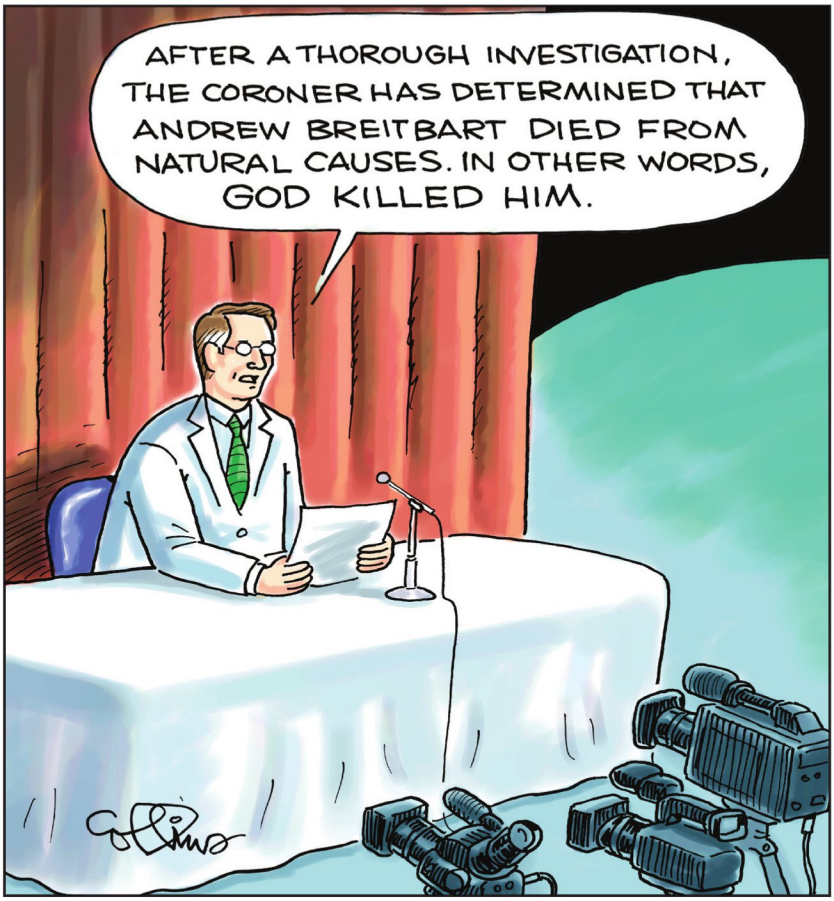
I love pornography. It's fascinating. In their daily lives—at work, with friends—everybody operates in a very politically correct fashion. But there's a sex element behind it all that's so powerful. People usually don't talk about sex, yet it's reserved for the privacy of their bathrooms. I also think it's very cool being in HUSTLER Magazine. I really admire Larry Flynt, the big man behind it.

For its worldwide theatrical release, *The Human Centipede II* had to be cut by varying lengths. What was edited out?

The same company, IFC [Independent Film Channel], distributed both *Centipede* movies, and part two created a lot of commotion because of the banning in England and Australia. It was [temporarily] pulled from the cinemas there because religious groups were protesting against it. They thought it was the work of Satan—and that *I* was Satan. So, yes, IFC had to cut the film.

The baby [death] scene was cut out. It's very funny because when I saw the film with an English audience, they were saying, "We're so happy that the baby lives in the movie." And I thought, *You haven't seen the uncut version.* (*Laughs.*) Parts of the centipede-shitting scene were cut out. When Martin knocks the teeth out of a victim's face, you only see a small element of that. Also, in England you see a suggestion of rape in a montage, but in America you weren't allowed to see any of the rape scene. Not even a hint of it. You can see it on the DVD though.

Dr. Heiter (Dieter Laser) proudly surveys his heinous work in *The Human Centipede*. Upper right: The surgeon heartlessly commands the eponymous creature to crawl.


AFTER A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION, THE CORONER HAS DETERMINED THAT ANDREW BREITBART DIED FROM NATURAL CAUSES. IN OTHER WORDS, GOD KILLED HIM.

"That rich honky Romney is spending millions and millions just to get his ass kicked by a black man! That warms this nigger's heart."

TOM SIX

It's interesting how the two maniacs in *HC1* and *HC2* are so different from each other.

Absolutely. The audience learns that the doctor in part one was a famous surgeon, an expert in separating Siamese [conjoined] twins. Now he's retired, living alone in this [secluded] house. And I think it works best if you know as little as possible about him. That way, the audience thinks, *My God, where does this man come from?!* It gives them much more to think about. In many cases involving evil people, you usually don't know what's behind that evil, which is far scarier.

There's more of a backstory with Martin Lomax, the psycho in *HC2*.

Right. In the first movie, Dr. Heiter is a tall, thin, articulate, almost handsome man. But in the sequel, we have Martin: a small, fat guy who doesn't even speak. He's just as scary, maybe even scarier from what people tell me, as Dr. Heiter. But Martin is also a victim: He was raped by his father, and people are nasty to him. Martin turns into a monster, but he really can't help it. And it really fucks with the audience because they almost care for him.

What, if anything, can you tell us about *The Human Centipede III*?

Which characters will return or not, I can't say just yet. But I can tell you that we're going to shoot it in the American South [and Southwest]: Texas, New Mexico, Louisiana. We're location scouting right now.

Do you have any particular actresses in mind?

We're casting now for part three, and there's only one female lead role in it. I do want an especially pretty actress, a bombshell like Megan Fox. But when we find the actress who's right for the part, there's only one catch: She has to sleep with me. I'm really curious to see how actresses interested in the part will react.

Any *Human Centipede* groupie stories?

Oh, definitely. (*Laughs.*) A few years ago, I went to a horror-film convention in Texas with Dieter Laser [Dr. Heiter in *HC1*]. The convention was in a big hotel, and a lot of famous people were there like Malcolm McDowell [*A Clockwork Orange*, *Caligula*] and Robert Englund [*A Nightmare on Elm Street*'s Freddy Krueger]. People go there to meet you, get your autograph, have a photo taken with you.

Anyhow, we were sitting at our booth, and fans were coming up to us—but women were actually lining up for Dieter because they wanted to fuck him. These girls were fascinated by the fact that Dr. Heiter was so dominant in the film that they wanted him to go up to their hotel rooms with them. It's the way some women's minds work, eh? They want to be dominated. But Dieter didn't do anything with them because he has a lovely wife at home. He told the women very directly, "No! No! No!" But they kept insisting. Some were really begging him. Incredible.

***The Human Centipede* and *The Human Centipede II* are available on DVD.**

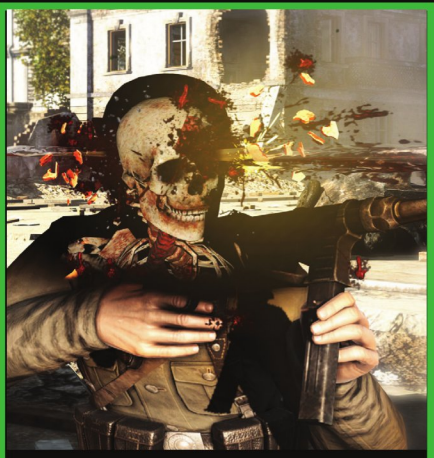
BY KEITH VALCOURT

BLOOD ON THE JOYSTICK

A GORE-SPLATTERED PEEK AT SOME RECENT VIOLENT VIDEO GAMES

Video gaming was a relatively tame form of electronic entertainment until the mid-1980s. That's when the groundbreaking games *Doom* and *Quake* introduced a controversial new element: violence.

As the technology evolved, it wasn't just the games' graphics that became more realistic, so did the level of violence. This allowed gamers to channel their aggressions in a way they never could in real life. A kill-or-be-killed storyline became the norm for all first-person shooters. Gore and blood are the big stars of today's hottest gaming titles, and they fuel a fantasy world that has become a billion-dollar industry. Here are a handful of games that are perfect Halloween treats.



Sniper Elite V2 (505 Games)

Smack dab in the middle of World War II, you're a highly trained killing machine sent to assassinate a group of evil German scientists. Along the way, you get to kill as many Nazis as possible. This ultra-realistic first-person sniper game is a blood-and-bullets bonanza. The best feature is the detailed "Kill Cam," which lets you see your bullet (and the damage it inflicts) just as it strikes a target's body.

Saints Row: The Third (THQ)

The *Saints Row* series took the concept of open-world gaming to new levels of ultraviolence. Nothing (or no one) is safe from your wrath. Destroy cars. Punch old ladies in the face. Go ahead! It's part of the game. In *Saints Row: The Third*, you are a rock star criminal surrounded by a seedy mix of hookers, junkies and thugs, all ready to fall victim to your destructive tendencies. Start the killing using the arsenal of weapons at your disposal. Our favorite is a giant purple dildo bat.

Resident Evil: Operation Raccoon City (Capcom)

A deadly virus has turned the residents of Raccoon City into a rotting army of the undead. Hack and slash your way through their decaying flesh to survive. But also beware: A sinister government militia (which may have unleashed the virus) is hunting you down as well. This is one place where knowing how to quickly decapitate someone will come in real handy.

Alice: Madness Returns (EA)

This bloody-good game takes the classic fairy tale and flips it on its mentally deranged ass. Play as Alice, a psychotic girl trying to escape Wonderland, killing as she goes. Remember that Cheshire Cat blood doesn't wash off so easily.

Batman: Arkham City (Warner Bros.)

In *Arkham Asylum*, the previous Batman game, the lunatics had taken over the asylum. In this sequel, they run the whole damn city of Arkham, which has been transformed into a giant prison camp. There, as Bruce Wayne, you'll find all your favorite Batman villains commanding mobs of bat-wielding maniacs. You can hear the heads crack open and watch the skin melt away (in an acid tank) as you try to escape from a man-made hellhole. Did we mention there's serious Catwoman cleavage too?

Dead Island (Deep Silver)

What could be better than a nice vacation on a tropical island off the coast of Papua New Guinea? It has palm trees, warm breezes, bikini-clad babes and a big surprise: infected zombies. Zombies?! Man, they're really gonna fuck up your getaway. Use whatever you can to kill the undead horde as you and some hot chicks fight for your lives.

Remember, violent video games are just that: games. They do not inspire the kind of heinous acts in the real world that would land the player on death row. If anything, they keep aficionados from murdering their bitchy wives and asshole bosses.

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CANDY

With a name like **Candy**, you might expect this barely legal Bulgarian to emanate nothing but sweetness. "I've been told I can be overwhelming," she remarks. "I have a big personality, and I always say what I'm thinking."

Candy's candor occasionally gets her in hot water. "I've definitely offended some of my boyfriends by being too critical of them," she elaborates. "Sometimes I can be hard to deal with, but I've perfected the art of make-up sex, so fights never linger long."

If you want to avoid getting into a disagreement with the opinionated beauty, you'd be wise to avoid certain subjects. **Candy** has strong ideas about rap music (she loves Jay-Z but can't stand Eminem), politics (don't get her started on Bulgaria joining the Eurozone) and cuisine. "Thai food—when it's done right—can be almost orgasmically good," she says.

In her spare time, **Candy** enjoys reading (*The Da Vinci Code* is her favorite novel) and staying in tip-top shape. "I get bored if I work out by myself," she notes. "I prefer playing volleyball or going to the gym with a friend so you can push each other to do better."

We seriously doubt that **Candy** has any trouble finding workout partners.

CANDY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Sofia, Bulgaria | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 121

Upon creating women, God made a promise to men that good and obedient wives would be found in all corners of the world. And then He smiled and made it round.

Tommy was at his usual booth in an English pub when he overheard two exceptionally large women. They both had strong brogues, so he inquired, "Hey, are you two ladies from Scotland?"

"It's *Wales*, you friggin' idiot!" one of the dames bellowed angrily.

"My apologies," Tommy muttered. "So are you two *whales* from Scotland?"

Question: When the cannibal came home late and said he was hungry, what did his wife do?

Answer: She gave him the cold shoulder.

After a night of drunken revelry with a female marine biologist, Warren woke up alone on a beach. The naked chap was soaking wet, massively hung over and had no memory of the prior evening. Looking down, Warren was horrified to notice a pair of rings—one red, one black—circling his morning wood.

In a panic, he retrieved his clothes, put them on and rushed to his urologist. The doc conducted a thorough examination, then proclaimed, "I have good news and bad news."

"Lay it on me," Warren grunted.

"The good news is that the red ring on your penis is lipstick," the urologist explained. "The bad news is that the black ring is dolphin shit."

Question: What do women stick behind their ears that men find irresistible?

Answer: Their ankles.

Andy loved to regale his bar buddies with tales of his conquests, and he had a doozy this time. "I ended up with an older woman at a club last night," Andy boasted. "She looked damn fine for a 65-year-old, and I got to thinking she probably had a hot daughter."

The barfly took a swig of his beer and continued: "We drank a bit, and then she snuggled up to me and asked if I'd ever had a Sportsman's Double—a mother-and-daughter threesome. I said, 'No.' Can you believe it? She whispered, 'Tonight's your lucky night.' So we headed to her place, and that's when things went downhill."

"What happened?" one of Andy's companions inquired.

"The old broad walked in the door, turned on the hall light and shouted upstairs, 'Hey, Mom, you still awake?!'"

A proctologist walked into a bank and prepared to endorse a check. He pulled a cylindrical object out of his shirt pocket and tried to write with it. Seeing a rectal thermometer in his hand, the proctologist said to himself, "How do you like that? Some asshole's got my pen!"

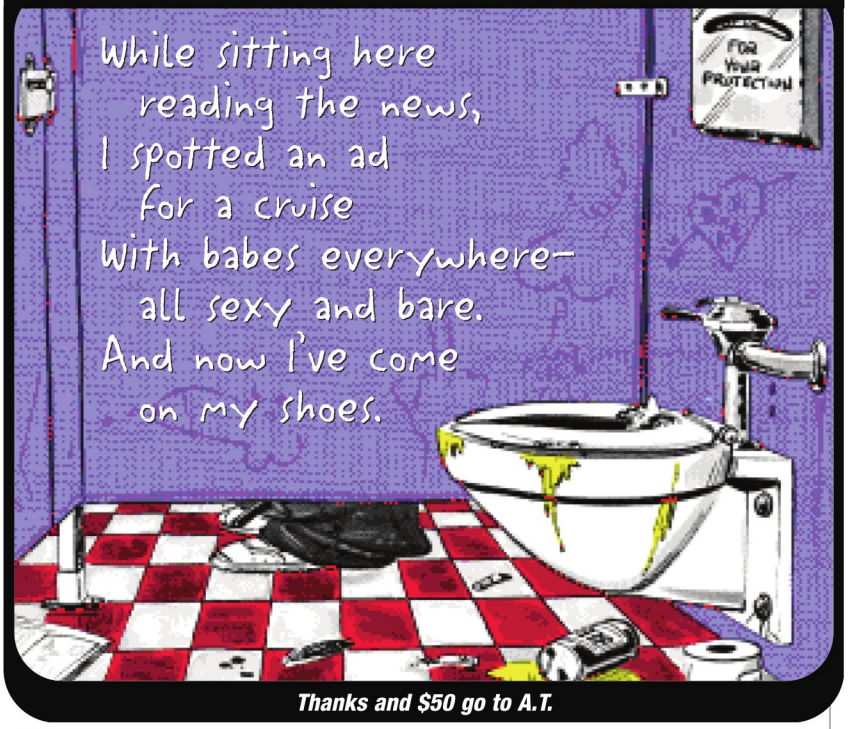
Question: What's in the toilet on the starship *Enterprise*'s bridge?

Answer: The captain's log.

A Mormon bishop boarded an empty elevator on the 20th floor, and on the 17th floor a beautiful young woman stepped in. Once the doors closed, the gal hit the stop button. Eyeing her fellow passenger, she purred, "Can you make me feel like a true woman?"

"I sure can!" the bishop yelped. He quickly peeled off all his clothes and tossed them in a corner. But instead of fornicating with the hot-to-trot hussy, the God-fearing man pointed to the pile of clothing and commanded, "Now fold them!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to A.T.

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GIRL, DO YOU REALLY LET YOUR TRICKS GO UP YOUR ASS?!
HONEY, IF DICKS WERE AIRPLANES, MY BUTTHOLE WOULD BE L.A.X..!
J. Billette

BY KIMBERLY CHENG

MITT'S MORMONISM

REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE MITT ROMNEY BELONGS TO A SUPERRICH CHURCH THAT HAS CLEAR-CUT POLITICAL GOALS. NOW HE MAY BE DOING ITS BIDDING.

Mitt Romney is not merely a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints a/k/a the Mormon Church. He served as a high-ranking official during a period when the church still enforced some of its most socially conservative and highly controversial policies. So it's only right to question Romney's political views based on his church's record.

As much as the GOP Presidential candidate insists that his religious beliefs will in no way sway his decisions in the White House, it's no secret that Romney is a liar who will say anything to achieve his goals. Less well known is that the Mormon Church, seeking power, groomed Romney for political office.

We already know it doesn't respect the separation of church and state. In 2008, the Mormon Church funneled $22 million of its resources and busloads of volunteers into California—a state with an inconsequential number of Mormons—to help pass Proposition 8, a constitutional amendment banning same-sex marriage.

During the 1970s and '80s, the Mormon Church also played a key role in defeating the Equal Rights Amendment for women through illegal nationwide lobbying. Using church pulpits and deceptively named "grassroots" groups, it claimed the ERA would destroy the family structure—that is, the Mormon community's strict, patriarchal structure. Commencing in 1977, Romney was an adviser and deputy to the president of the church's Boston-area congregations.

In the male-dominated religion, "women are relegated to supporting roles," wrote Sally Denton, author of several books on Mormonism, in a recent *New York Times* article. Male authoritarianism is the "essence of the faith," so much so that Mormon feminist Sonia Johnson was excommunicated in 1979 for publicly supporting the ERA.

Since its women are expected to stay at home and raise children, the Mormon Church charged Johnson with "teaching false doctrine." As Denton pointed out in her article, every Mormon is taught that "God, being male, values maleness much more than He values femaleness, that God and men are in an Old Boys' Club together, with God as president."

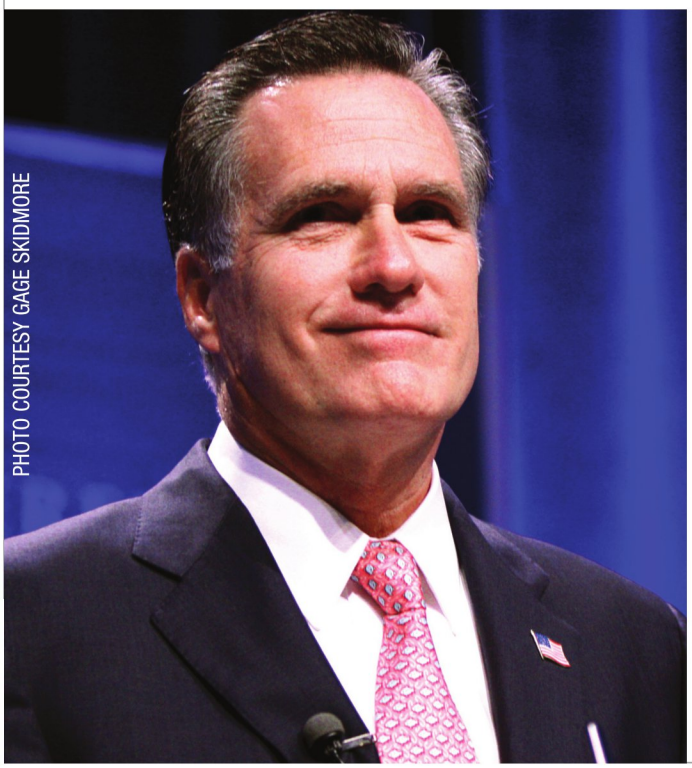


PHOTO COURTESY GAGE SKIDMORE

Romney readily accepts this credo. In 1993, while serving as the church's top administrator in Massachusetts, he was approached by Mormon feminist Judith Dushku, who had clashed with Romney many times over the church's treatment of women. Dushku—a professor of government at Suffolk University and mother of actress Eliza Dushku—stated in an interview with Scoop Independent News that she sought Romney's permission to visit a Mormon temple outside Washington, D.C., because she'd married a nonmember. Romney's response? "You're not my kind of Mormon."

Romney's antipathy toward Dushku started in 1990 when she learned about his involvement with church member Carrel Hilton Sheldon. Facing her sixth pregnancy, Sheldon had been advised by doctors to have an abortion because of a life-threatening blood clot in her pelvis. Romney, Sheldon's bishop at the time, paid her a surprise visit at the hospital to urge her not to have the abortion. "As your bishop," Sheldon said he told her, "my concern is with the child." To many, Romney was known for his unwavering and unsympathetic attitude in delicate situations. He always put the church first.

Then in 1994, in what was to become the first of many flip-flops, Romney declared he was pro-choice during his Senate campaign against Ted Kennedy. Dushku thought Romney had a genuine change of heart. "I went to his office, and I congratulated him on taking a pro-choice position," Dushku recalled. "And his response was, 'Well, they [Mormon Church elders] told me in Salt Lake City I could take this position, and in fact I probably had to in order to win in a liberal state like Massachusetts.'" It was a position of convenience. Romney had lied.

These incidents are just the tip of the iceberg. As a bishop during the early 1980s, Romney, according to the *Washington Post*, confronted recently divorced church member Carolyn Caci to "express both his disapproval of divorce and to remind the middle-aged woman, who had begun dating again, about the church's opposition to premarital sex."

In 1984, Romney told another divorcée—Peggie Hayes—to give up her newborn son for adoption or face excommunication since Mormon doctrine prohibits single mothers from raising children. Hayes ultimately kept her son and left the church.

MSNBC recently investigated Mormonism's systematic discrimination against African-Americans, who were barred from entering the priesthood until 1978. "I think if he [Romney] were a child when antiblack policies were in place, that would be different," MSNBC analyst Joy-Ann Reid commented. "But he was an adult, active in the ministry of his church." Mormon scripture says dark skin is a curse from an angry God, and church leaders once taught that blacks were less righteous in the premortal life.

It's not a stretch to believe that if Romney secured the Presidency, this country would be ruled by the precepts of Mormonism. In fact, the church's founder—Joseph Smith Jr.—sought to overthrow the U.S. government when he ran for President in 1844. He wanted to replace it with a Mormon-ruled theocracy in which only "worthy males can ascend to positions of power." And for the past few decades, the Mormon Church has actually been training its members to do just that.

Every year, roughly 20,000 young Mormons enroll in the Provo Missionary Training Center (MTC)—a facility that grooms its students for prominent roles in society: CEOs, Wall Street tycoons and even the Presidency. *Bloomberg Businessweek* reported that Mormons "compose less than 2% of the U.S. population [yet] hold, or have held, a seemingly disproportionate number of top jobs" at major corporations, including Marriott International Inc., American Express, American Motors Corporation, Dell, Deutsche Lufthansa AG, Fisher-Price, Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu, Madison

Square Garden Company, La Quinta Properties, PricewaterhouseCoopers LLP and Stanley Black & Decker.

Most of those who attend MTC graduated from LDS-owned Brigham Young University, the largest religious and third-largest private university in America. About 98% of BYU's 34,000 students are Mormon, and the LDS Church funds 70% of students' tuition.

"I'm not going to say we beat everybody out, but we do have a reputation," Gary Cornia, dean of BYU's Marriott School of Management, told *Bloomberg Businessweek*. In 2010, Goldman Sachs hired more than 30 BYU graduates. The head of human resources at Citigroup is a Mormon.

Romney and former Utah governor Jon Huntsman are MTC alumni, as are JetBlue Airways founder David Neeleman, Credit Suisse Group CEO Eric Varel and Gary Crittenden—former chief financial officer of Citigroup, American Express and Sears Roebuck.

After completing the MTC program, Mormons embark on missions to a host of countries where they spend their time trying to convert nonmembers. So far, the Mormon Church has dispatched more than 1 million missionaries around the world.

While on an extended mission in France, Romney led a concerted effort to win over residents of the predominantly Catholic country. By the last day of 1968, he and his fellow missionaries had amassed 203 conversions—exceeding the church's goal for that year.

The agenda is clear: Spread the Mormon faith like wildfire. To that end, Mormonism is more of a multibillion-dollar empire than a religion. The *Financial Times* estimated the church's worth at $25 billion to $35 billion.

Helping to fill the coffers, members are obligated to give the church tithes comprising 10% of their income. Romney himself has donated more than $4 million in the past five years. While at Bain Capital, the investment firm he cofounded, he supplemented his tithes with millions of dollars more in stock contributions from some of the company's key holdings.

Mitt Romney is a fifth-generation Mormon whose forebears were deeply involved with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from the beginning. Mitt's father, former Michigan Governor George Romney, was born in a polygamist colony in Chihuahua, Mexico, where Mitt's great-grandfather had taken his family to escape U.S. antipolygamy laws. Mitt's great-great-grandfather Parley P. Pratt was a Mormon apostle who in 1857 was murdered by the former husband of his 12th wife. Interestingly enough, politician Jon Huntsman is also a direct descendant of Pratt—and is Mitt's distant cousin.

Clearly, Romney's close ties to the Mormon community will carry over into the White House, should he make it that far. Many Mormons have admitted that the far-flung network of followers is answerable "first to the church and then to family and then to professional calling." It's just as *The Book of Mormon* states: "And thus they did prosper and become far more wealthy than those who did not belong to their church. … For those who did not belong to their church did indulge themselves in sorceries, and in idolatry or idleness, and in babblings, and in envyings and strife."

BY CHRISTOPHER KETCHAM

THE MORMON MOMENTS

LESSONS FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

In the beginning was the Word…of one Joseph Smith Jr., founder of the controversial religious denomination commonly known as the Mormon Church. To this day, adherents revere Smith as a prophet who formulated *The Book of Mormon: Another Testament of Jesus Christ* from ancient text inscribed on golden plates.

When 2012 Republican Presidential candidate Mitt Romney avows, "My faith is the faith of my fathers; I will be true to them," the fathers he invokes are Joseph Smith and Smith's successors.

In many authoritative biographies—namely those not written with the blessing of the Mormon establishment—Smith comes off as both a good-natured grifter and a dangerous sociopath. According to ex-Mormon Kay Burningham—author of *An American Fraud: One Lawyer's Case Against Mormonism*—the religion "was founded on deception and continues to build upon that deception." She also asserts that Mormonism's founders—Joseph Smith Jr. and family—"were opportunists driven to create an organization where they could acquire the social status and financial resources that they lacked."

The story starts in 1823 when, as Joseph Smith Jr. proclaimed, an angel told him where to find sacred golden plates buried in a hill in upstate New York. However, according to Smith, it wasn't until 1827 that he was allowed to extract the plates and begin translating what was engraved on them: a chronicle of God's dealings with the descendants of a lost tribe of Israelites inhabiting the Americas from 2200 B.C. to 421 A.D.

Smith was mighty pleased: He had discovered God's word, and he would bring the good news to the world. Witnesses say the religious zealot used seer stones to translate what was inscribed on the golden plates. However, skeptics suggest that Smith—a semiliterate farm boy schooled in the soaring language of the Bible—concocted *The Book of Mormon* out of his own fervid imagination.

This was no small achievement. Smith was a smart guy, and he had a family schooling in the art of cheating the gullible. His father, Joseph Sr., had been repeatedly charged with currency counterfeiting in Vermont in the 1820s.

Joseph Jr. himself was hauled into court in the northeastern United States on multiple occasions. He was described in an 1826 New York legal proceeding as "a disorderly person and an impostor." According to historian Fawn Brodie, one of his preferred cons involved the help of his brother Hyrum.

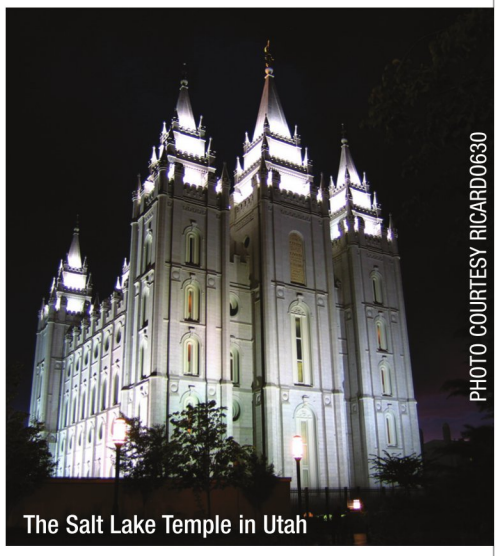


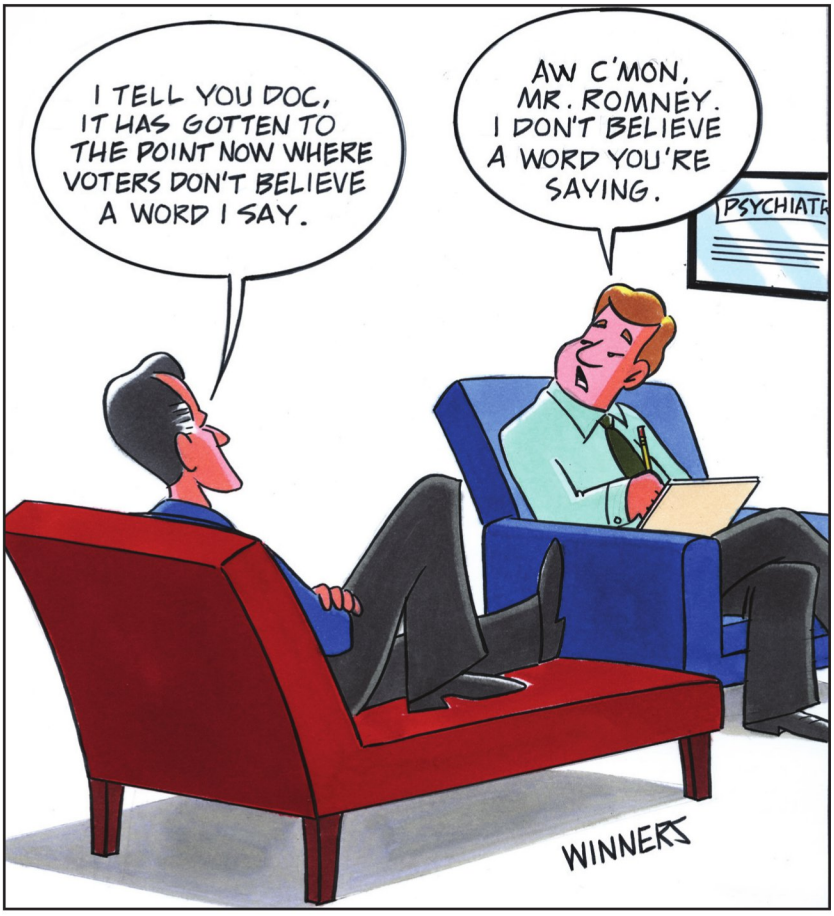
PHOTO COURTESY RICARDO630

The Salt Lake Temple in Utah

While visiting a neighboring household, Hyrum would secretly hide a valuable heirloom. When, days later, the victim complained that the prized object was missing, Hyrum came to the rescue. He volunteered his brother Joe Jr. to show up—for a small fee—and put "magic stones" into a hat. Joe would then put the hat over his face and stare into the stone-filled darkness to see where the lost item was—the location of which his faithful brother had already provided.

Smith said his ethical rule was, When the Lord commands, do it. This was convenient, as it was decreed by Joseph Smith that the Lord would only communicate with—you guessed it—Joseph Smith. Early on, he spoke of receiving a divine message about "plural marriage." The Lord commanded that all Mormon men should take multiple wives and establish the tradition of polygamy. Smith's wife at the time was skeptical.

The Mormon sect grew throughout the 1830s and 1840s, and so did the controversy. Land theft, bank fraud and cattle rustling were alleged. Historian Will Bagley describes what happened when the Mormons were forced to flee westward and resettle: "After stirring up a religious civil war in Missouri and being exiled to Illinois, Smith founded a kingdom on the Mississippi at Nauvoo, Illinois. Having secured a charter that made him ruler of a city-state and a


I TELL YOU DOC, IT HAS GOTTEN TO THE POINT NOW WHERE VOTERS DON'T BELIEVE A WORD I SAY.
AW C'MON, MR. ROMNEY. I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD YOU'RE SAYING.
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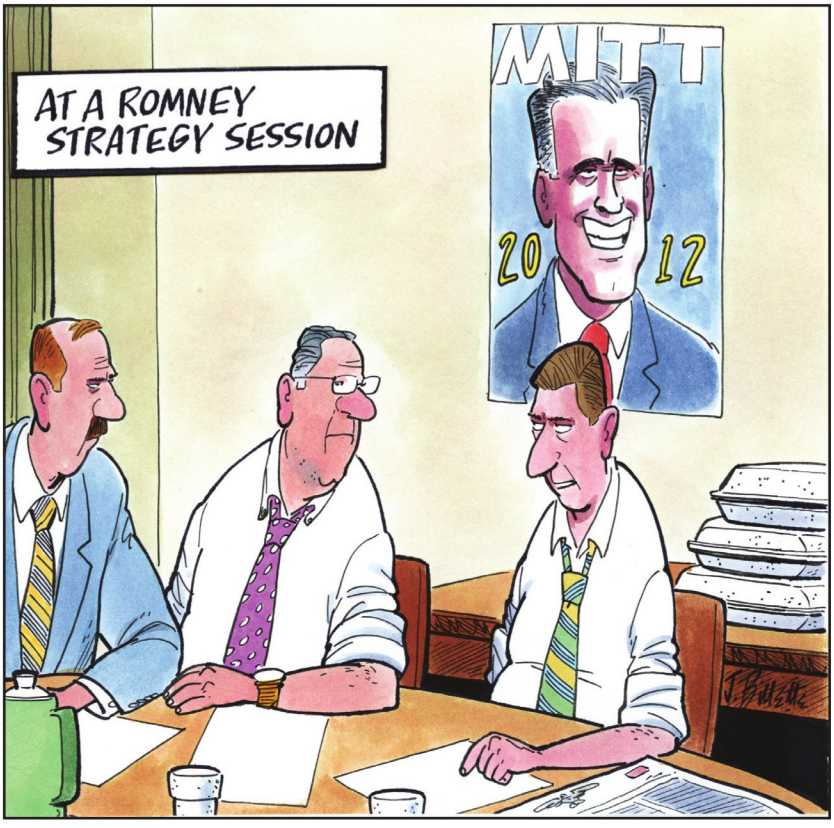


"If we can get Congress to repeal a woman's right to vote and make it nearly impossible for blacks and Hispanics to cast a ballot, Mitt might have a shot!"

wealthy land developer, Smith raised a private army, made himself America's first lieutenant general since George Washington and began seducing women and barely pubescent girls with an abandon that would make Bill Clinton blush."

Mormon converts began to look askance at sainted Joe, and today their accounts read like those of cult escapees. "When I embraced Mormonism, I conscientiously believed it to be of God," a disaffected convert wrote in 1831. "I now know Mormonism to be a delusion."

Mostly what the Mormon Church coveted was the property of converts and their free labor. Joseph Smith's own personal secretary concluded that Smith and other Mormon leaders were "confirmed infidels who have not the fear of God before their eyes. They lie by revelation, swindle by revelation, cheat and defraud by revelation."

Jailed on charges of treason, Smith—along with his brother Hyrum—ended up murdered by a lynch mob in Illinois in 1844. It's not a surprising turn given the level of animosity that Mormons' criminality had evoked among their preferred targets—the "filthy Gentiles" who disdained the upstart religion.

The Mormons fled still further west, looking for the Holy Land, their Zion, the paradise where they could settle without interference from the Gentiles. They discovered Zion in the sun-blasted wilderness of Utah. That's where the new prophet, Brigham Young, was presiding when 120 men, women and children traveling across Mormon territory by wagon train were slaughtered. This was the infamous Mountain Meadows Massacre of 1857, which historians believe was sparked by an apocalyptic hysteria that the federal government was planning to invade Utah and destroy Young's people. The apocalypse never came to pass.

By the mid-1850s, W.M.F. Magraw—a personal friend of U.S. President Franklin Pierce—would conclude that civil law in Mormon territory was "overshadowed and neutralized [by an] ecclesiastical organization as despotic, dangerous and damnable as has ever been known to exist in any country…all alike are set upon by the self-constituted theocracy, whose laws, or rather whose conspiracies, are framed in dark corners."

Years earlier, John Corrill—a onetime prominent Mormon official and a member of the Missouri legislature—authored *A Brief History of the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints.* Corrill, who was excommunicated in 1839, accused the Mormon leadership of "bad management, selfishness, seeking for riches, honor and dominion, tyrannizing over the people, and striving constantly after power and property."

Laws undermined by conspiracies and outrageous privilege coupled with unbounded greed and power-maddened mismanagement: This sounds a lot like a description of Corporate America today. Perhaps this explains why our current Mormon Moment is really about the Mormon Church's engagement and success in the corporatocracy.

In this context, think about Mitt Romney: Here is a man who, while heading the leveraged buyout firm Bain Capital, got rich as an opportunistic "vulture capitalist" by exploiting and plundering companies built on the hard work of others. Romney indeed keeps the faith of his fathers.

Christopher Ketcham is a New York City-based freelance reporter who has written for *Vanity Fair*, *Mother Jones*, Salon.com and many other publications and Web sites. He can be reached at *CKetcham99@MindSpring.com.* More of his work can be found at **ChristopherKetcham.com.**

BY IANN ROBINSON

THE DWARVES

MEET THE MOST DESPISED ROCK BAND IN THE WORLD

The digital age has ushered in sweeping change. Now bands are easily found, easily downloaded and easily exchanged. The wave of new technology that first alarmed rock 'n' roll has crashed cheerily on the shore and rolled back to reveal how much money can be made. Pop stars are born with nothing but a single.

With all this celebration of the digital age, there is one casualty: rebellion. If John Lennon had not said the Beatles were more popular than Jesus, where would rock be? Jimi Hendrix lighting his guitar on fire, the Rolling Stones hiring Hells Angels as security, Black Flag creating riots in the street whenever they performed—these and other moments are the backbone of rock 'n' roll.

Where is that rebellion today? Have all the digital horses and all the digital men, having put rock 'n' roll back together again, allowed it to become boring?

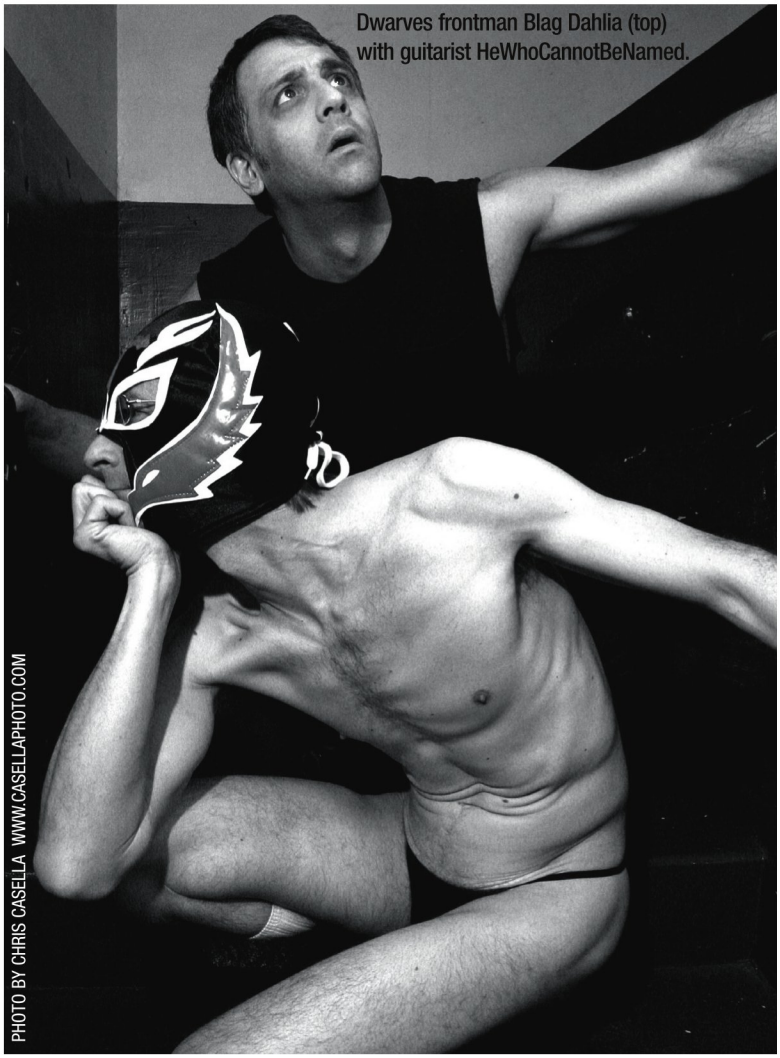
The Dwarves could be one of the last bastions of true rock 'n' roll rebellion. They're the kind of band that rock god Jim Morrison, rock critic Lester Bangs and renegade drummer John Bonham would smile down on. The Dwarves understand that rock is dirty, tough and in your face. Their career has been a lifetime of pushing buttons to see how much they can get away with. Imagine a musical coke binge that ends with you waking up, pants around your ankles, a sleeping hooker at your feet and a car you don't recognize in your living room. That's the Dwarves.

Currently based in San Francisco, the Dwarves are a guitar-driven punk band that started in Chicago. Their songs are always changing, their approach to music always different. The Dwarves were doing sampling and sound loops—now almost commonplace—from the get-go, back when you had to use a cassette deck and line things up in order for them to work. Even at that early stage, they had extended a middle finger to what was normal for the day. Rebellion begins with your art.

Most rock bands these days step off the bus, sit around getting fat on cocktails and catering, then stumble out onstage to regurgitate what they did the night before. Each time the Dwarves take the stage, mayhem ensues. Every gig is a gamble. They have been stabbed, beaten, arrested and shut down. Will the set play out? Will the cops show up? Will one of the members get a blowjob onstage? The Dwarves welcome it, even document it. Their 2011 album *The Dwarves Are Born Again* comes with a DVD that displays the band's trademark debauchery.

New York City's CBGB—the legendary rock club that served up the first scratches and grooves that would become punk rock—banned the Dwarves. Imagine that: a group so out of control, so insane, that the place where the Ramones, the Stooges and Talking Heads got their start couldn't deal with them. The band is currently prohibited from performing in Switzerland. How many other rock bands can say that? They've eaten horse meat in Japan, gotten stoned with the Lemonheads and been kicked off a tour in the United Kingdom for screwing the girls the headliners had paid to be their groupies.

So who are the head and tentacles of this Caligula of rock 'n' roll? That curse would befall singer Blag Dahlia a/k/a Blag the Ripper and guitarist HeWhoCannotBeNamed. While the band itself has been a rotating cast of odd characters, these two men are the Dwarves' twisted heart and demented mind. HeWhoCannotBeNamed is responsible for the sound, the chain saw buzz of guitars and the frenetic energy of the Dwarves' music. Blag is also responsible for the sound, plus the artistic vision and his part of the overall insanity. The two approach writing the same way they do live performances and artwork—like a car speeding toward a wall with no brakes.

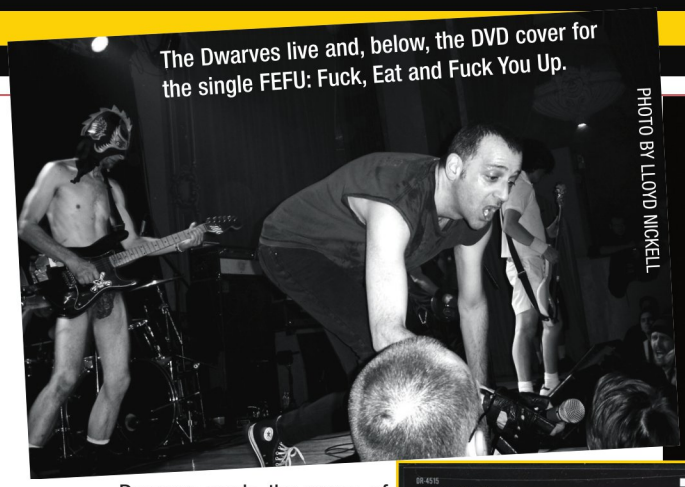


Dwarves frontman Blag Dahlia (top) with guitarist HeWhoCannotBeNamed.

PHOTO BY CHRIS CASELLA WWW.CASELLAPHOTO.COM

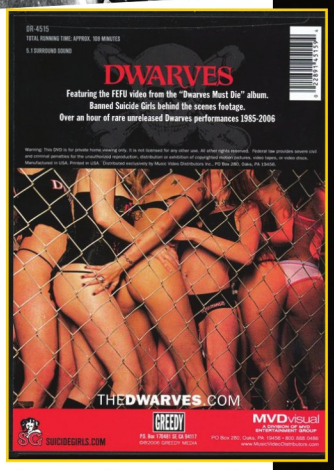
Why does HeWhoCannotBeNamed always wear a mask? Is that not an affront to the rock rebellion the Dwarves pride themselves on? Look deeper. HeWhoCannotBeNamed is a teacher who counsels troubled teens. Could there be a more rebellious idea of rock 'n' roll than your teacher putting on a *luchador* mask and tearing it up onstage naked?

In 1993, HeWhoCannotBeNamed was having his shoulders pinned to the mat by drugs. The rock star lifestyle gets the best of everyone, but whereas most bands would stop, admit they'd been defeated by addiction and turn their story into a whiny bitchfest in some supermarket rag, the Dwarves decided to launch a grand hoax. After announcing with all seriousness that HeWhoCannotBeNamed had been stabbed to death, the



The Dwarves live and, below, the DVD cover for the single FEFU: Fuck, Eat and Fuck You Up.

PHOTO BY LLOYD NICKELL



Dwarves made the pages of *Spin*, *Alternative Press*, *San Francisco Weekly* and *Harper's Magazine*. Even the band's label, Sub Pop (home to Nirvana and Soundgarden among others), issued a press release on how devastated it was by the loss.

The triumphant return of HeWhoCannotBeNamed was met with revulsion and disdain. The inventive, Andy Kaufman-esque hilarity was lost on people, and the Dwarves' reputation as bastards grew deeper. Even Sub Pop—a label you might think would laugh with the band—decided to drop them. Nevertheless, the Dwarves pressed on, spitting in the eye of conformity.

"HeWhoCannotBeNamed is a rock icon who actually transcends life and death," Blag eloquently informs me. "The tightrope between existence and publicity stunt has rarely been traversed with as much agility as the Dwarves did it. As for Sub Pop, working with them is very similar to not working with them, so it can be tough to tell the difference."

Perhaps what best exemplifies the Dwarves' skewed mind-set is their album artwork. Not content to scare the world with only their music, antics and onstage performances, the Dwarves decided to punch people in the eyeballs from the second they released the 1990 album *Blood Guts & Pussy*. The cover featured two hot, naked girls and a dwarf named Bobby Faust covered in blood, with a dead rabbit just in view. The album launched photographer Michael Lavine's career. It also netted the band a ton of controversy.

Screams from women's groups and church folks took *Blood Guts & Pussy* off store shelves. Retailers wouldn't stock the album unless it was shipped in a plain brown wrapper, but Sub Pop refused to pay for that. Did the band relent and redo a nicer, friendlier cover? No, they pushed on, selling the record as best they could themselves.

The Dwarves Are Young and Good Looking (1997) continued this "fuck you" trend. A hot, naked girl wearing a ski mask graced that cover. Holding a skateboard, she became the visceral wet dream of many young skater boys.

Bobby Faust and his two naked gal pals returned on the covers of *The Dwarves Come Clean* (2000) and *The Dwarves Are Born Again* (2011). Perhaps the most disturbing cover photo of all graced *The* *(continued on page 151)*

PHOTO BY CORMAC FIGGIS WWW.CORMACFIGGIS.COM

HeWhoCannotBeNamed rocks out with his cock out.

JOHN 5
GOD TOLD HIM TO

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Best known as a guitarist for Marilyn Manson and now Rob Zombie, Michigan native John Lowery a/k/a John 5 is more than just another scary face. The versatile musician has worked with David Lee Roth, Lynyrd Skynyrd, k.d. lang and even Ricky Martin. John 5 stopped by to discuss all things Halloween, his diverse new CD *God Told Me To* and a female groupie with a penis.

HUSTLER: What inspired you to play guitar?

John 5: There was a little boy on the show *Hee Haw*, and he was the same age as me at the time—maybe seven or eight—and he was playing banjo. I thought it was so impressive that a kid my age was so good.

We're impressed that you've played with everyone from Rob Halford to Lita Ford and k.d. lang. Are you the most adaptable guitarist in rock?

Lita Ford was great. Rob Halford is a pure talent. It's effortless for him. He's got such a phenomenal voice. The k.d. lang tour was amazing because we played with an orchestra behind us at beautiful places like the Sydney [Australia] Opera House. I'm just such a fan of music. I never wanted to be a rock star. I always wanted to be a successful studio and touring musician. I guess if you're a kind person who is good at what you do, things will go your way.

How did you end up being David Lee Roth's guitarist?

One day I just said, "I'm gonna call David Lee Roth's manager and see if he needs some songs." I didn't know them, and they didn't know me. They said yes, and Dave really liked my songs. They asked if I could give them three more, but I said no because I didn't have the necessary funds. They said, "Well, Mr. Roth would like to meet you." I remember driving to his house in Pasadena. I was such a fan. He said, "All right, John, we're gonna do it like the old days. Finish in two weeks. Record every day at noon and do everything live. If you can't do it in two takes, you can't do it."

I said, "Mr. Roth, this is great. I would love to, but I rehearse with Rob Halford at noon." David Lee Roth is not used to getting a guy second. He said, "We'll start every day at 6 a.m. because I want you first and fresh." We did the album in two weeks. Dave and I actually have an unreleased album of 12 songs. He's doing the Van Halen thing now, which I'm so happy about. I don't know when, but hopefully sometime our record will see the light of day!

How did you become a member of Marilyn Manson's band?

I was in Europe with Rob Halford doing all the festivals. Manson was scheduled to play one. I remember being very excited that I was going to be able to see them. We got to the venue and found out Manson had canceled. Bummer!

After the tour, I got home, and as I walked in the door, the phone was ringing. It was Manson's manager asking if I could meet Marilyn for lunch. I just put down my stuff and walked back out the door. I didn't even have to play. He just hired me for the band. Marilyn gave

THE DIRTY
12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

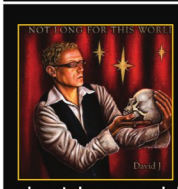
DEUCE
Nine Lives
The former lead singer of the masked marauders Hollywood Undead returns with a solo debut of stripper anthems. Deuce blends a hip-hop flow similar to Eminem with some serious heavy metal beats. Tracks like "Let's Get Crackin'" are sure to get the bitches to lose their britches and get off.

MICHAEL MONROE
Sensory Overdrive
The groundbreaking punk-metal band Hanoi Rocks, which inspired everyone from Mötley Crüe to Green Day, should have been huge. Lead singer Michael Monroe continues to fly his freak flag on this brilliant, rip-roaring rock CD that also boasts former Hanoi axman Sami Yaffa.

DEADMAU5
Meowingtons Hax 2K11 Toronto
We know that a DJ can rock a party, but can a DJ rock a concert? He can if he's deadmau5. This CD-and-DVD captures the mouse-helmeted godhead of electronic music blowing the roof off of Toronto's Rogers Centre. Even you will have the urge to dance when you hear this. We know you don't do that.

ABORTED
Global Flatline
Do you like Air Supply, Clay Aiken and Justin Bieber? Then you'd better fucking run because you're about to get pummeled by the crushing power of Belgium's death-metal giants. This album, Aborted's seventh, offers an unflinching aural assault of masterfully crafted thrashcore.

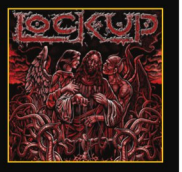
ABANDON JALOPY
Death & Joy
Led by Blind Melon bassist/mastermind Brad Smith, who wrote "No Rain," this jangly guitar-filled album is the perfect blend of down-home rhythms and top-notch songwriting. Fans of Blind Melon and Train will love it. As to why Smith is dressed up like a creepy clown for the album art, we have no idea.



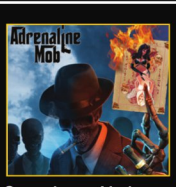
DAVID J
Not Long for This World
Alt-rock gothfather David J knows all about music's dark side. He was a member of the legendary dark-wave band Bauhaus and its offshoot Love and Rockets. Featuring lush tracks like "Spalding Gray Can't Swim" and "Dress Sexy at My Funeral," David J's first solo outing in eight years is a theatrical ode to the Grim Reaper.

DOZEN

LOCK UP
Necropolis Transparent



Originally nothing more than a side project for Shane Embury and Jesse Pintado from Napalm Death, this band has quickly evolved into an unstoppable force in proto-death-metal. Lock Up's latest CD is a blast of raw and brutal brilliance played at lightning-fast speed.



ADRENALINE MOB
Omertà

A band is often the sum of its parts. This supergroup features Mike Portnoy of Dream Theater and Avenge Sevenfold, John Moyer of Disturbed, Symphony X singer Russell Allen and guitar phenom Mike Orlando. Their CD is nearly flawless heavy metal that will fit nicely in your iPod between AC/DC and Black Sabbath.

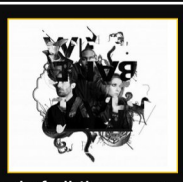
THE TING TINGS
Sounds From Nowheresville

The pop duo behind the infectious "That's Not My Name" gets dark and weird on this sophomore release. Jules de Martino and Katie White jettison the light and airy pop of their debut for a more textured, edgier and layered sound that should challenge old fans and create some new ones. Highlights include "Hang It Up."

SKINNY PUPPY
HanDover

Nobody does industrial dance and progressive noise like Skinny Puppy. Nivek Ogre and company's latest is a dark and experimental crawl through a blood-soaked soundscape that's reminiscent of the Canadian group's younger days. Although it's no *Last Rights*, *HanDover* offers some wonderfully bleak moments of sound.

TERNION
We Have Band



Ternion softens the line between dance, pop and alternative rock while adding a healthy dose of retro goth. Think the Cure meets Tribe Called Quest and Goldfrapp. The blend of all three members' soaring vocal talents is hypnotic and euphoric.

JANUS
Nox Aeris

On Janus's previous CD, *Red Right Return*, vocalist David Scotney sounded like a broken man. Now, a few years later, the band seems downright hopeful. "Stains," the disc's first single, issues a warning to those who don't follow their dreams. *Nox Aeris* is sure to propel the melodic rockers into the big time—whatever the hell that is.

me the name "John 5" at that first lunch because he was doing everything with numbers at that point. That was cool because my name was so different from everyone else's.

Why did you keep the name after you left Manson's band?

I kept it because Ace Frehley didn't go back to using his real name Paul Frehley after he left KISS. Also, more people know John 5 than John Lowery.

What is the truth about your departure from Marilyn Manson?

When I joined, I was writing a lot of the songs. It was going great. Then he got rid of Twiggy [Ramirez] and got a new bass player. This new guy was trying to creep his way up and into Marilyn's favor. I knew I was writing these songs that were singles. Marilyn wanted to write with other people, which was fine. He's an amazing talent. The fight thing onstage [in 2003] was terrible. I was on the road, and my dad was dying at the time. I wasn't sleeping for days. I was a mess. We were in the middle of Europe and had finished a show. As I'm walking off the stage, the manager said, "You'd better call home." I said, "Oh, my dad died." He said, "No."

I went in the production office, picked up the phone and found out my sister had died. After that I was a mess. The day after I found out about my sister, we were onstage [at Germany's Rock am Ring festival], and I just snapped. Marilyn and I are total friends now.

What was the most evil thing you experienced while in Manson?

People would want us to spread the ashes of fans who committed suicide. Really dark stuff beyond anything people even like to speak about. It wasn't like the movies.

Were you ever scared?

The [1999] Columbine school shooting was scary. We were playing in Colorado after the shootings. The press and the authorities were adamant that someone was going to assassinate Manson that night. We were playing in this baseball stadium, and I'll never forget being onstage and looking at the sky, which was full of helicopters. I didn't know you could have that many hovering there. It looked dangerous. They were all there just waiting for Manson to be killed.

How did you join Rob Zombie's band?

Dave Navarro asked me to play a benefit. Rob Zombie was playing too. I was such a big fan. I told Rob that if he ever needed a guitar player, he should call me. Soon after, his management called to ask me if I could do Ozzfest. They said, "It's just going to be six weeks. Rob is making movies now, so don't get comfortable." That six weeks has now turned into almost seven years. Rob is so respectful and so smart. This is the best band I've ever been in.

Are you a fan of horror movies?

I'm a big fan of the Universal horror movies: *Dracula*, *Frankenstein*, *Wolfman*, *The Invisible Man*, *Creature From the Black Lagoon*. Some people take a Xanax, and some people will masturbate to help them fall asleep at night. What I do is turn on these movies. I'll watch them. I get through maybe 20 or 30 minutes before I doze off. They are a comfort to me.

Why did you title your new CD *God Told Me To*?

When people do godawful things, they say, "God told me to." When I was little, I wanted this amazing life I have now so bad that I would go to church on Christmas or other holidays. I would say, "God, please make me a guitar player, a musician." I got my wish. The title is sort of a yin and yang because "God told me to" can be both terrible or positive.

Why did you decide to cover Michael Jackson's "Beat It"?

The guitar work is Eddie Van Halen. It's some of his greatest work. Everyone in the world knows "Beat It." I just wanted to pay tribute to Michael and tip my hat to Edward Van Halen.

What was the first costume you remember wearing as a kid?

I was in third grade, and we had a costume contest. My mom dressed me up as a high-dollar prostitute in her fur, makeup and high heels. I won first prize.

Do you dress up on Halloween now?

Yes. I love Halloween! I go with my friends who have kids just so we can walk around. It's my favorite holiday. The best part is, unlike Christmas, you don't have to buy anything. There is no big Halloween sale.

We have to assume you've got some groupie stories.

Back in Manson, we would have so many naked people on the tour bus that we would have to push our way through. Most of the girls would want to get on the bus, but they had boyfriends. The rule was, if you wanted to come in with your boyfriend, then the boyfriend would have to sit completely naked in the center of the room. We would be sitting around talking with 25 girls, and there would be a random naked guy just sitting there.

Another time, I think we were in Minneapolis. We were sitting around with these girls in the room, and one of our friends had a video camera. We were making a DVD about the tour. This one very attractive young lady said, "I need to use the bathroom." And our camera guy said, "Let's do something crazy. Pee in the trash can." She was like, "Okay." She takes her pants off, the camera is rolling, and she has a penis! Everyone was shocked. It ended up in Manson's DVD *Guns, God and Government* if someone wants to see it. ■

THE MISFITS

NIGHT OF THE LIVING PUNKS

PHOTO BY MICK ROCK

Monsters of punk: the Misfits (left to right) Eric "Chupacabra" Arce, Jerry Only and Dez Cadena.

The Misfits remain the perfect Halloween treat. The horror-goth punk innovators have been rocking dark and scary tunes for decades now. Sure, the lineup has evolved dramatically over the years, and we'd love to see founder Jerry Only reunite with Glenn Danzig and Doyle Wolfgang von Frankenstein; that ain't gonna happen. But as long as Only continues to smear on the black eyeliner and sing of Satan, the bass-playing vocalist and his sidekicks are still the Misfits! What better place to interview them than a cemetery? We caught up with Jerry Only, guitarist Dez Cadena and drummer Eric "Chupacabra" Arce during the 7th annual Johnny Ramone Tribute, where they discussed respect, horror movies, staying true and what scares them.

HUSTLER: How do you think Johnny Ramone would feel about this event?

Jerry Only: I think he'd be really proud of it and the fact that the people have really turned out.

Were you guys friends back in the day?

Jerry: I hung with Joey [Ramone] more than I hung with Johnny. I met Johnny a couple of times—and Dee Dee. Plus we had Marky [Ramone] as the Misfits' drummer.

Dez, how did you end up going from Black Flag to the Misfits?

Dez Cadena: I'm celebrating my ten-year anniversary with the Misfits. I first met these guys on their *Walk Among Us* tour in 1981 here in L.A. and briefly in San Francisco before that, through Henry [Rollins]. We were friends. They're from Jersey. I'm originally from Jersey, so we hit it off like that. I could totally understand where they were coming from as people.

What is it about the band that continues to capture new audiences?

Jerry: I think it's the purity and basic instinct of the band. We have a very primal kind of sound and energy. The band is based on 1950s rock 'n' roll, which is your basic format for all music that is rock. I think that the subject matter of science fiction is timeless. I listened to one of our albums, *Static Age*, after not hearing it for 18 years. It still sounded just as fresh as when we made it.

Is there more pressure for you now that you're the Misfits' singer and bassist?

Jerry: For sure. I'm playing two positions. It's hard because, at first, singing was the alien thing, and playing bass was the constant thing. Now it's switched around. I'm really comfortable singing and also focusing more on making sure that I'm locking in with these guys and keeping the bottom real tight. I think it's come to fruition. I'm real happy with our new record *The Devil's Rain*. We really worked hard on it.

Since you guys are horror-rock icons, we wonder what Halloween is like in your homes.

Jerry: It's our busiest time of the year.

Eric Arce: We're usually on the road.

Jerry: There was a time when we were in litigation [with former Misfit Glenn Danzig], and we weren't able to play. Those years, I used to throw a square dance. We lived up in the country. We took one of the barns, threw down some hay bales and hired a caller. My kids would bring all their friends and families, and we all had a good time. Then we got the band's name back, and now we're always playing [on Halloween].

Favorite horror movies?

Dez: When I first saw *The Evil Dead*, I got scared shitless. It still scares me. I like the B-movie stuff like *Plan 9 From Outer Space* because of the wonderful cheesiness of it.

Jerry: *Night of the Living Dead*.

Eric: *The Exorcist* and *Dawn of the Dead*.

What were the first Halloween costumes you ever wore?

Jerry: Dracula at age four.

Dez: The Mummy.

Eric: I was Gene Simmons.

Is it safe to label the Misfits' music as "horror punk rock"?

Jerry: It was interesting that *Spin* magazine did a list of the top punk bands of all time and never mentioned our name. At first I got pissed. Then I realized we do so much stuff and so many styles. We do ballads. We do thrash. We do metal. We do hard-core. We do it all. I can understand why we slipped out of a category. If you can be a little bit of everything, you adapt and survive.

Dez: Before I was in the Misfits, I remember that when they first came out, a lot of people—even the punkers—didn't know what to think. At a time when punk bands were singing about politics and angst, here was a band that did whatever they wanted. The Misfits really confused people.

Jerry: We came right after the Ramones started. I thought we were a punk band. Once we got our own image with the hair and the make-up and the leather and the spikes, we stepped into a new category. We became something that was totally unique.

Do you think the band gets the respect it deserves?

Jerry: No, but I like that we don't. I really like that every day and every show we gotta go out and earn it. We stay in good shape. We keep clean. We have solid families. We've worked really hard on our music 24/7. We run a family machine shop where we make all our stuff—our own guitars, drums, props and clothes. We have to prove it every night, and that makes us better.

What scares you guys?

Eric: For me, not being able to play music. Injuries scare me.

Dez: Sometimes getting off the top bunk in our Winnebago scares me. (*Laughs.*)

Jerry: Ignorance and greed are the things that bother me and that I fear the most. I saw it in the wrestling world and in the music industry. I see people with real talent struggle while others suck their blood. That's why the Misfits do it ourselves. We have our own label, our own studio. We use the resources at our disposal. Now that the music business has imploded, we need it.

Jerry, any chance you'd ever do a reunion with the Misfits' original lineup?

Jerry: My loyalty lies with the fans and the people who support us. I want that positive image and energy. I want the Misfits to be something that inspires people to do great things. It's not about greed. It's not about making money and reliving something that happened years and years ago. It's about moving forward.

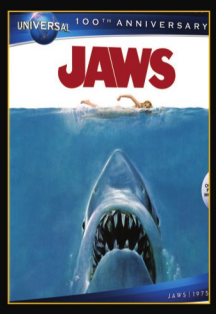
DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

Bloodsucking horror (and sex) highlight our Halloween videofest.

BARBARELLA (BLU-RAY)

Famous for its out-of-this-world storyline and brazen sexuality, the 1968 sci-fi adventure—starring a youthful 31-year-old Jane Fonda— finally gets a Blu-ray reincarnation. Barbarella is an astronaut from Earth who, in the year 40,000 A.D., lands on the planet Lythion. There she must vanquish robots, monsters and evil of varying stripes, all while attempting—and failing—to keep her skintight spacesuit on. Along the way, Barbarella receives assistance from a variety of men, each of whom experiences the babe's uninhibited appreciation. Presented in high-definition for the first time ever, this sexually charged romp is a must-have for classic film buffs.



JAWS

Experience Steven Spielberg's blockbuster in a new light with this digitally remastered DVD. The 1975 film, which centers around an enormous man-eating Great White shark that terrorizes the coastal community of Amity Island, has been meticulously restored frame by frame under the supervision of Spielberg himself. Thanks to more than two hours of bonus features (including a behind-the-scenes documentary), *Jaws* fans can soak up the terror like never before.

FALLING SKIES: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

Produced by Steven Spielberg, TNT's saga *Falling Skies* chronicles the chaotic aftermath of an alien invasion that completely incapacitates most of our planet. Striving to save his family and what's left of humanity, history professor Tom Mason (Noah Wyle) helps command an armed fighting force—the 2nd Massachusetts Militia Regiment—that plays a significant role in the survivors' resistance movement. This DVD contains all ten episodes of *Falling Skies'* explosive debut season and an extensive slate of bonus features.

WIN THIS

TRUE BLOOD: THE COMPLETE FOURTH SEASON

Fans of HBO's sexy drama *True Blood* can sink their teeth into this new DVD release. Set in a world where vampires coexist with humans, the series offers a steady fix of gore and nudity. Season Four introduces yet another supernatural element to the small Louisiana town of Bon Temps: witchcraft. Chaos is conjured when telepathic waitress Sookie Stackhouse (Anna Paquin) finds herself in a love triangle with two vampires. Meanwhile, she's also battling possessed coven leader Marnie Stonebrook (Fiona Shaw).

In the spirit of Halloween, we're giving HUSTLER readers a shot at winning a *True Blood: The Complete Fourth Season* DVD and Blu-ray combo pack. To find out how to become one of the five lucky winners, see coupon below.

WIN A *TRUE BLOOD* BOX SET!

We're giving away five copies of *True Blood: The Complete Fourth Season* DVD and Blu-ray combo pack. For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to ***True Blood*** **Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by November 10, 2012. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winners will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the names of the winners will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winners and ship the winners their prizes at no cost to the winners. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winners. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

MOVIE Mammaries

ROSANNA ARQUETTE
FREQUENT FLASHER

For our money, no movie star is more giving than **Rosanna Arquette**. While most mainstream actresses offer only an occasional peek, she has revealed her beautiful boobs and awesome ass in almost 20 big-screen flicks.

Rosanna first caught our eye by unleashing her tits on a beach-house patio in the comedy *S.O.B.* (1981). She followed that stunning debut with topless turns (not to mention some simulated screwing) in *The Executioner's Song* (1982) and *Baby It's You* (1983). Her breakout role came playing a bored housewife looking to switch lives with a wild child (Madonna) in *Desperately Seeking Susan* (1985). After seeing Rosanna's flotation devices soaking in a bubble bath, you'll be desperately seeking some tissue. Although we aren't a fan of films about dolphins and whales, we recommend *The Big Blue* (1988), which provides another look at Rosanna's rack. Rounding out the '80s, she was naked again in *Black Rainbow* (1989).

The '90s were another stellar decade for Arquette's amazing anatomy. For starters, she did a striptease in *The Wrong Man* (1993) then got it on in *Nowhere to Run* (1993), which is an absolute must-rent because you get a full look at her terrific tush.

Crash (1996) may be our favorite Arquette movie. She plays a sex-crazed lunatic who's turned on by automobile accidents. If you can get beyond the fact that she's having angry sex with the always creepy James Spader, you'll enjoy the S&M-inspired scenes that show off her tits and bush. She followed that spectacular offering with another round of topless tub time in *Trading Favors* (1997).

We aren't sure if Guinness has a category for "Most Topless Scenes by One Actress in a Single Year," but if it does, Rosanna might have set the record in 1998 by disrobing in four flesh-filled flicks: *Floating Away*, *Hell's Kitchen*, *I'm Losing You* and *Fait Accompli*.

Diary of a Sex Addict (2001) is a bit of a bummer, but you do get to see Arquette playing a nymphomaniac whose nipples "accidentally" slip out of her lingerie. For a superhot lesbian scene, check out her stint on *The L Word* (2004).

Rosanna's last film with skin was *I-See-You.Com* (2006). But don't worry; we hear she has two films in production that portend a return to her topless legacy.

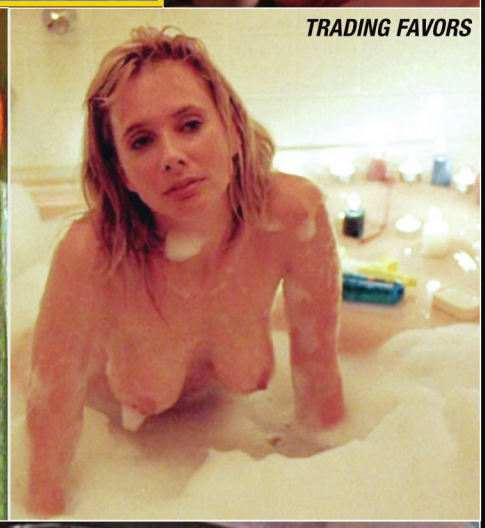
Remember, HUSTLER continually delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and TV. We welcome your input and suggestions. If there's an actress you'd like to see in the buff (or damn close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***. We may put her in the magazine.

RENT THESE NOW!

THE WRONG MAN

DIARY OF A SEX ADDICT

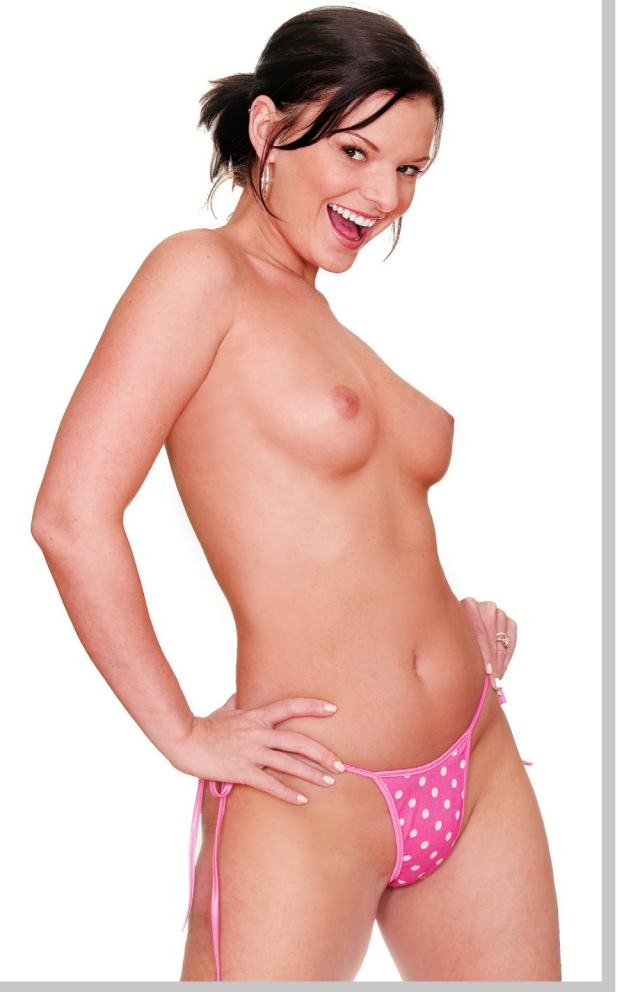
THE WRONG MAN

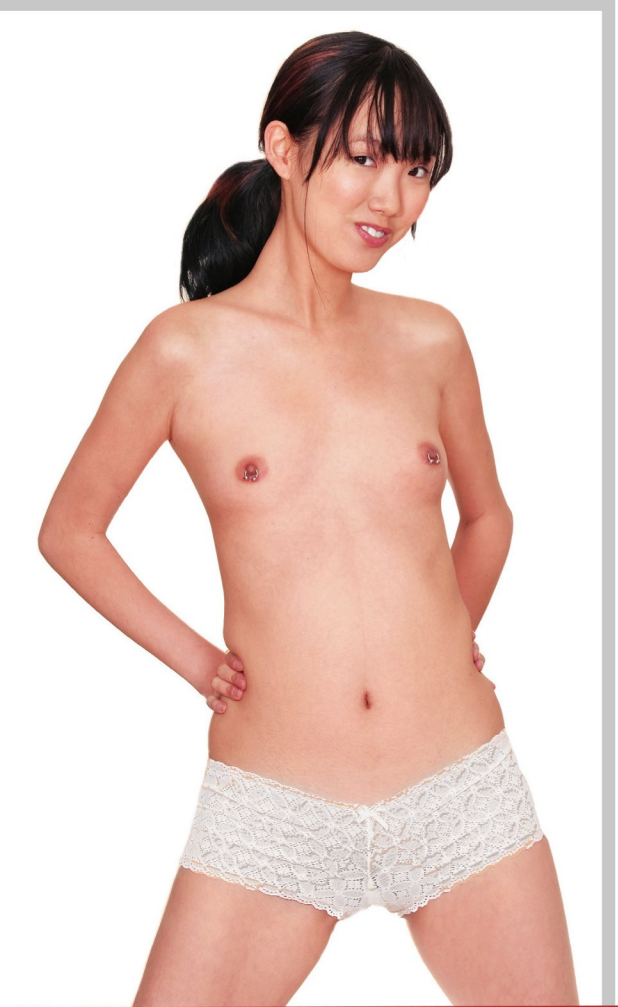

TRADING FAVORS

DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN

"Okay, miss, if you will just sign this consent form, one of the doctors will suck that innocent baby from your womb. This contract will also ensure that you will burn in Hell for all eternity."

UNDER THE HOOD





PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

CASSIE & LYSTRA

When it came time to sell her beloved vintage car, Sally (**Cassie**) placed an ad in the paper. She didn't want to just unload the vehicle though. Sally sought a buyer who would share her deep appreciation for a retro ride.

Sally had been through a lot in that four-door sedan. She'd lost her virginity in the backseat. She'd driven across the country twice. Sally had spent so much time in that car, it even smelled like her.

When Martina (**Lystra**) arrived in response to the ad, Sally had a hunch that this was the buyer she'd been seeking. Martina eyed the vehicle while Sally sized her up. "I love this car," Martina announced. "How much are you asking for it?"

"The question isn't what I'm *asking*," Sally replied while setting a dildo and a clean towel on the hood. "It's what you're willing to do for it."

By the time Sally finished her sentence, Martina had stripped down to her nipple rings. Sally knew she'd made a sale.

The PINUP PARODY Art of SANDRA CHANG

SandraChang.net

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Charley Chase and Lexi Belle **Smurf** their way to the top.*

This Ain't the Smurfs XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: LEXI BELLE, CHARLEY CHASE, NICOLE ANISTON, JEREMY CONWAY, JAY CREW, BARRY SCOTT & EVAN STONE.

Now this is creepy. It might look like it, but, no, this isn't porn for children. It's for you perverts who grew up on the Smurfs, that weird Belgian kiddie cocaine of the '80s. After pioneering blue-skin porn with its *Avatar* spoof, HUSTLER slapped the body paint on a couple of Reagan-era brats and let them loose in Smurf village. Cuter than a planet of kittens, Lexi Belle was obviously born to play Smurfette. You'll hear a *boing* in your pants even if you're not a prosthetic-ear fetishist. And since one tiny fuck-Smurf is never enough, the Wizard creates a blue Charley Chase to keep Papa and Brainy busy. She's an evil Smurfette, so after sucking the blue balls dry, she lures good Smurfette into doing porn at HUSTLER headquarters. (The backgrounds were actually shot in Larry Flynt's office suites.) After some dildo fun, the Wizard shows up to tear off a piece of blue ass himself. Smurfette officially becomes money-shot material, and innocence is lost for good! How charming. As long as you promise to keep it where the kids won't find it, go ahead and order *This Ain't the Smurfs XXX* now on page 108. ***—M.J.***

*Joanna Angel is the bride of **Fuckenstein**.*

Fuckenstein

BURNING ANGEL ENTERTAINMENT/VOUYER MEDIA. DIRECTOR: JOANNA ANGEL. STARRING: JOANNA ANGEL, JAMES DEEN & RAMON NOMAR.

Scared of black-and-white porn? Afraid shades of gray won't get you as hard as fleshy pink? Well, hipster hottie Joanna Angel can help you with that. Her hilarious, pornified take on the classic *Frankenstein* flick is like a lost piece of ultra-hard-core from the 1930s. (Did they do double penetration back then?) In a filthy tour-de-force, sex-charged Joanna plays both the mad doctor's fiancée and the monster's bride. She could make a dead man come, literally, and sneaks into the lab to prove it. It's alive! We're pretty sure her DP with the doc and the monster is just what Mary Shelley had in mind. Our only whine: Joanna's bride look is sexy as shit, but she doesn't defile it with nasty sex for some reason. Is *Bride of Fuckenstein* on the way? (Igor sure hopes so. He didn't even get a blowjob in this one.) At any rate, *Fuckenstein*'s a must for your sleazy Halloween. Even the extras are amusing. And if you're still a big pussy about black-and-white, there's a sacrilegious color version on the disc. **—M.J.**

*Lexi Ward, Riley Jensen (with Brett Rossi) and Sophie Dee (bottom) tame the **Werewolf**.*

An American Werewolf in London XXX

SMASH PICTURES. DIRECTOR: JIM POWERS. STARRING: SOPHIE DEE, LEXI WARD, RILEY JENSEN, JESSIE ANDREWS, BRETT ROSSI, VALERIE FOX, BEN ENGLISH, DANE CROSS, ANTHONY ROSANO & RICHIE.

Time to get that wolf suit out of the closet and scare the locals. Director Jim Powers is a horror-flick fan with a twisted sense of humor, so who better to butcher the '80s horror-comedy classic? This one's full of cheap, gory effects, ridiculous deadpan dialogue and enough gratuitous copulation to make you howl at the moon. Flavor of the year Jessie Andrews gets the nastiness started as a sex-starved barmaid who can't get her shorts off fast enough, followed by a disturbing lesbian-Nazi–wolf sex scene that will fuck up your love life. Authentic bosomy Brit Lexi Ward plays the horny nurse that helps the hero with his chronic-erection problem, and Valerie Fox and balloon-boobed Sophie Dee add some fine value to the meat market. Chunks of this flick were actually shot on location in London, which is impressive, but let's be honest: The old in-out-in-out looks pretty much the same everywhere. Go ahead and put this one on your Pumpkin Day party list. It will creep out your friends, but that's what Halloween is for. ***—M.J.***

***Scary** good: Rihanna Rimes, Bella Moretti and Jade Nacole (bottom) play trick or treat.*

Black Scary Movie

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: BISHOP. STARRING: MISTY STONE, SKIN DIAMOND, BELLA MORETTI, RIHANNA RIMES, JADE NACOLE, PRINCE YAHSHUA, TEE REEL, DEEP THREAT & CHILLY CHILL.

This movie ain't all that scary, but at least it's not a fail in the black department. Basically, five of porn's hottest caramel candies end up at a sleazy motel, fucking to stave off the boredom until some crazy white dude finally shows up with a knife. Yes, the acting is lame, the filmmaking is halfhearted and the characters are bitchy, but put a black girl in the mood and she will fuck the ugly out of Freddy Krueger. Rihanna Rimes kicks off the action with some wall-shaking howls, Bella Moretti gets rattled hard enough to make her blond wig almost fall off, Skin Diamond seems to get prettier with every dick she sucks (must be the protein), and Jade Nacole is like the Craigslist chick you *wished* would show up at your door instead of…well, never mind. As for party-babe Misty Stone, not only can she outact everyone else after God knows how many doobies, she's still one of the most fuckable things this side of Hell. It sounds like overload, but just keep telling yourself: It's only a porn movie. ***—M.J.***

*Chanel Preston (with Gracie Glam, bottom left) and Lea Lexis crack open the **Tomb**.*

Tomb Raider XXX

EXQUISITE FILMS/PARADOX PICTURES. DIRECTOR: JORDAN SEPTO. STARRING: CHANEL PRESTON, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, LEA LEXIS, GRACIE GLAM, DANI DANIELS, NICOLE ANISTON, LEE STONE, ANTHONY ROSANO, DANNY MOUNTAIN, DERRICK PIERCE & EVAN STONE.

Let's face it, Lara Croft always did dress more like a porn star than a serious archaeologist. Were we supposed to play *Tomb Raider* or whack off to it? Now that question has finally been answered. Lanky, athletic and pigtailed, Chanel Preston gives Angelina Jolie a run for her money as the girl who will do anything to get those relics. She sets the bar high with the inaugural fuck scene, but the rest of the fleshpots—some evil and greedy, some anal and greedy—keep the competition fierce. Crowdpleasing Kagney Linn Karter adds another endurance fuck to her rapidly swelling résumé. Along with the obligatory dick work, Chanel gets to do some rock climbing, stunt fighting and stumbling around in landscapes, not to mention partying with harem girls. All watchable stuff—more or less. We'll leave it up to serious gamers to complain about how the Lara legend has been shabbily defiled. We're just glad this *Tomb Raider* was designed for the old-school joystick. Get ready to rack up those scores! ***—M.J.***

Michelle Bombshell Caught on Tape

RED LIGHT DISTRICT. STARRING: MICHELLE BOMBSHELL, EMILY PARKER & ANONYMOUS.

Scandal siren Michelle Bombshell's long-awaited sex tape (without Jesse James) has more tattoos in it than the frickin' *Pequod*. Costar Emily Parker, who actually portrayed Bombshell in the *HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Jesse James* parody, is an illustrated wonder in her own right. Ditto the anonymous dick that looks like a random biker. (Who did you expect, the director of the Anti-Defamation League?) Michelle's a beginner when it comes to onscreen fucking, but what she lacks in passion she makes up for in playfulness and sheer eye candy. The twice-augmented rack is impressive, and she turns out to have a great ass, nicely accented with full-cheek flower-blossom tats. And yes, there's a Nazi-style eagle above her cunt, apparently covering an old swastika. (Check out our Day in the Life profile of Michelle on page 36 for more tattoo details.) Watching Bombshell from the angle her celebrity cocksmen saw her most often is good fun, but her giggly bathtub party and mutual lick-off with gal pal Emily Parker is more endearing. (Apparently, she couldn't get Sandra Bullock for this.) If you were hoping for some sick Eva Braun role-play, you'll be disappointed. But if you just wanted to stroke it to a walking comic book with big bazongas, Michelle's your Trophy Girl (as her torso tat proudly proclaims). ***—M.J.***

Tattle tail: ***Michelle Bombshell*** *explodes.*

BARELY LEGAL LAWBREAKERS

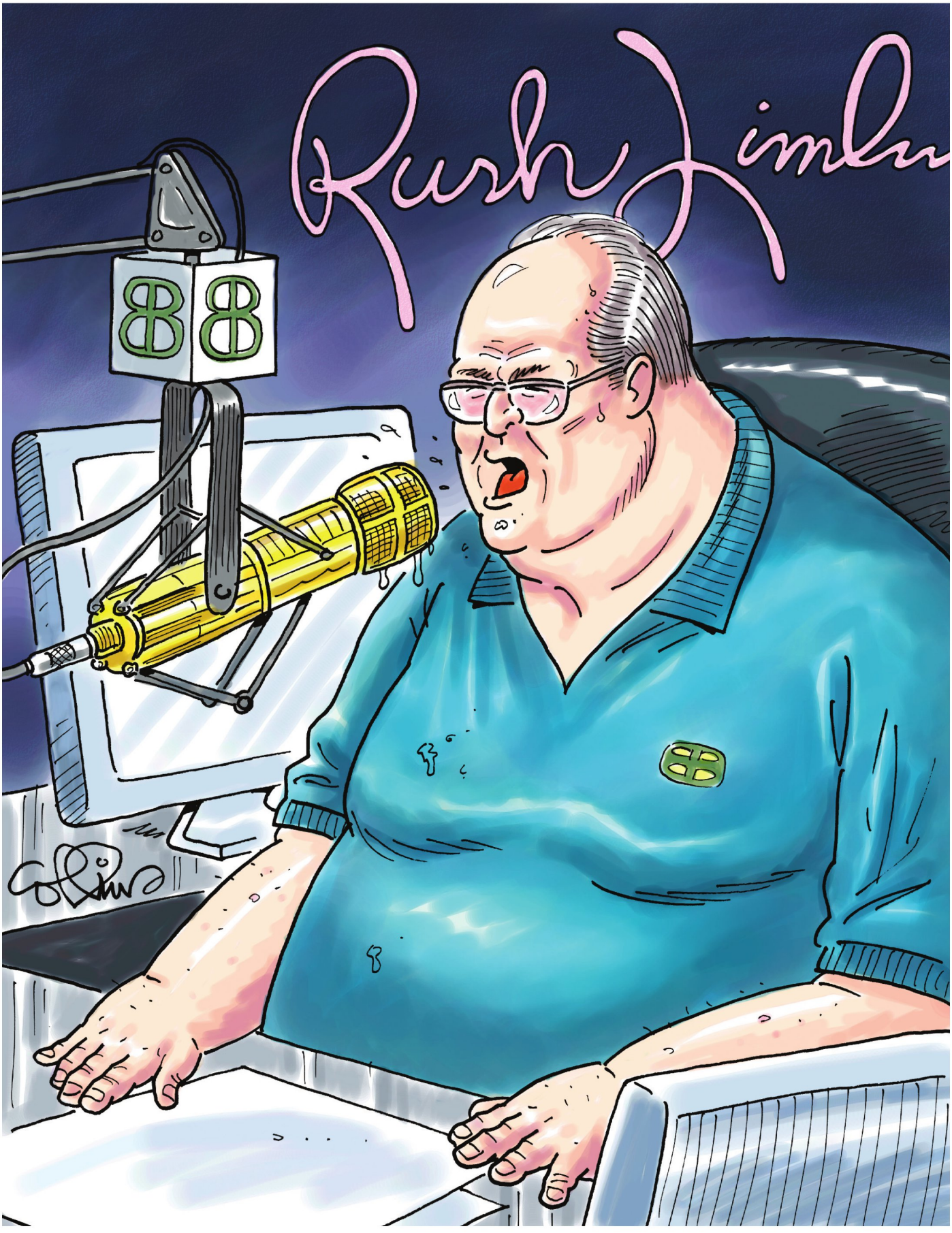
PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

HUSTLER has always had a soft spot for bad girls. These three babes live for the thrill of breaking the law, but the only thing we'd charge them with is being extremely fuckable.

In search of a quick score, Carol (**Aiden Aspen**) breaks into the house next door. When her neighbor Dave (**Alec Knight**) returns home from work early and catches her in the act, he decides to teach the chick a lesson. To Carol's delight, his form of punishment involves a heated fuck session in the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Madeline (**Pressley Carter**) has been a compulsive shoplifter since swiping a candy bar in the first grade. After crossing the threshold into adulthood, she started stealing more expensive items. Madeline's crime spree is briefly halted when security guard Pete (**Billy Glide**) apprehends her, but the barely legal gal persuades him to drop the charges—and his trousers too.

Excessively horny Eva (**Jenna J. Ross**) finds herself in a pickle when Ron (**Otto Bauer**) spots her stealing from his store. Ron confronts the sassy lass, but she knows how to get herself out of a sticky situation.



"Sluts don't need contraceptives; you're supposed to come in their mouths!"

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

HALLOWEEN ISSUE

"One of my fantasies is to cover a gorgeous, sensual woman in paint and make love to her on a canvas fabric. Then I want to frame that canvas and hang it in my bedroom or living room. I'm a firm believer that sex can extend itself to be an art form."

ALEXA JAYMES

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"I'd love to meet astrophysicist Neil deGrasse Tyson," declares this "bubbly, bisexual, curious and knowledgeable" bartender from Montreal, Canada. "I can only imagine how eye-opening a conversation with him would be." Now let's meet Alexa Jaymes, 23, who's eye-opening conversationally *and* visually. "This will sound a bit crazy," the 5-foot-6 art, astronomy and hockey buff confides, "but I've always wanted to be part of another fellow pervert's fantasies. It's a big turn-on knowing that someone's touching his cock or her kitty while thinking about me. I'm such a huge tease, I know some people just want to spank me or bend me over. And I *love* that! Building tension makes sex even more intense. So I really get wet if you bite my neck, tie me up or call me dirty names." Alexa's other delights include "bookstore quickies," maple syrup quiche, scotch whiskey, cigars, rock climbing, reading (Michel Tremblay, José Saramago), music (Isabelle Boulay, Arcade Fire), cinema (*Caramel*, *The Big Lebowski*), TV (*How I Met Your Mother*, *The Big Bang Theory*) and XXX fare. "If you peep through my porn collection, you'll find lots of heavy girl-on-girl action," admits the grateful beneficiary of her own big bang theory. "Nothing surpasses anal sex!" Alexa asserts. "The orgasm is totally different from the vaginal variety. I feel like a star that's about to become a supernova." Brainy newcomer Alexa Jaymes is a super piece de ass. —Photos by Friend

LESLEY CUMMINGS

"I believe being chosen for *Beaver Hunt* will be a great opportunity for me," reckons Lesley Cummings, 37, a "bubbly and strong-minded" Webmistress from Madison Heights, Michigan. "HUSTLER Magazine reaches millions of readers. I've been working hard to become an adult actress, and I hope new fans like what I have to offer." Lesley's favorite boob tube show is *New Girl*, and the 5-foot-5 networking, traveling, football and basketball aficionada makes an ideal one here. "Everyone has a fun time with me," Lesley lays on us. "I'm a very giving person. What can I say? I have a big heart, which gets even bigger when it comes to the three holes of heaven. I give great head, and I love having a big, hard cock in my pussy or ass, especially doggy-style. But girl-girl sex is also a blast." Lesley's fantasies include "shooting a XXX video with one of my fans" and "a gang-bang with six or seven studs." —Photos by Friend

NIKOSHA

Assessing the significance of being butt naked in a world-famous magazine, this "romantic and sentimental" inhabitant of Kaanapali, Hawaii, reflects, "I guess I'm not as shy as people around me think." Baby-faced Nikosha, 24, is an apprentice chef by trade, a fervent shopper and beachgoer away from her employer's kitchen and an extremely bi gal in the bedroom or impromptu love nest. "I'm attracted to submissive girls mostly," the 5-foot-3 morsel fesses up, "but I also like fucking a sexy guy who'll take charge. It's a nice change." So is Nikosha's nostalgic bush. —Photos by Friend

"My fantasy is to be a celebrity chef who hosts a cooking show while wearing only a toque—that fluffy white hat."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

RYLIE

"I'm young and beautiful and taking advantage of every opportunity thrown my way," announces Oregon native Rylie, 21, a topless dancer now holed up in Killeen, Texas. "I love it when all eyes are on me. I recently went to a concert where there were more than 50,000 people. I climbed onto a stripper pole and flashed the crowd to earn my beads." But that was just a training mission. By exposing the whole kit and caboodle here, Rylie has garnered a much larger audience and 250 smackers to boot. "I wanted to do something out of my comfort zone," coos the 5-foot-3 follower of *Jersey Shore* and the bands Hot Chelle Rae, the Fray and Hollywood Undead. "And I just had to be in *Beaver Hunt*. I'm taking photography classes, and I grew up in the Beaver State." Getting more comfy, Rylie discloses, "I'm the type who'll cook you dinner when you've had a bad day at work or do something extra naughty to make you smile! I'm bisexual, aggressive, seductive and single. I'm great with my tongue when it comes to girls or guys, and I love being gone down on. And when it's time to start fucking, I want to be bent over or riding on top. I also love taking risks to have sex where I might get caught in the act." Rylie's a great catch. —Photos by Friend

"I want to have sex on a beach, and I won't mind if anyone catches the show."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

NALINA RAY

Adding Halloween pizzazz to our latest roundup is Nalina Ray, 21, a "semishy and bi-curious" cashier from Salem, Massachusetts. That's because her hometown was the site of witchcraft trials in the 1600s, and the 5-foot-9 vixen resembles a young Geena Davis. By the way, both ladies are statuesque Bay Staters, but Nalina didn't star in *Transylvania 6-5000*, *The Fly* and *Beetlejuice*—three of the three-inch-taller Davis's flicks. Doing *Beaver Hunt* was "just something spontaneous" for Nalina. "I've come to the conclusion that men like to watch me," explains the bewitching fan of *Bad Girls Club*, Ke$ha, swimming and stir-fried food. However, musing about sex isn't her cup of tea. "I don't fantasize," she purrs. "I just do it. I love having my nipples licked and bitten, receiving and giving head and fucking." As for that splash of man juice, Nalina gushes, "I believe everything should have a happy ending, especially my first time posing nude." —Photos by Lucky Friend

"I have my best orgasms when I'm on top or being eaten out."

TIFF

"A few of my friends had their pictures published in HUSTLER, and it got me interested," states Tiff, 32, a "caring, loving and very dependable" citizen of Jackson County, Ohio. You're about to find out that the 5-foot-5 skin-mag virgin is quite interesting herself. Tiff is a bride-to-be and law-enforcement student who, according to her shutterbug, is "as Appalachian as Granny Clampett's possum pie." But what she serves up is way steamier. "I'm kinda shy until I get to know someone," Tiff hoots. "Then I become very outgoing. Let's just say I'm a down-home country girl who likes getting kinky under the sheets from time to time." But don't think that Tiff is strictly a behind-closed-doors type. "I've had sex while riding a horse bareback!" the '80s music devotee exults with a disclaimer: "I'm pretty sure no one was around." Galloping toward the finish line, Tiff evokes the spirit of Halloween: "I love cuddling with my man when we're watching a scary movie." Looking ahead, she reveals, "I'm considering a career as a correctional officer." That's spurred us to point out that Tiff has shown would-be Beavers the correct way to splay our fave orifice and how to be tongue-in-cheek: "I'd act out my fantasies to have sex in a public place or maybe the rain—if I wasn't so dern shy, that is." —Photos by Friend

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(continued from page 38)

me. Never touched a drug in my life, never touched a cigarette. I don't even drink."

"That's the most shocking thing I've heard you say all day."

She does have one obvious addiction, and it steers us to our next stop: San Diego's famous Tattoo Royale. Mild-mannered ink master Milton greets us. "He's done the ones I showed you and a lot of touch-ups," Michelle explains. Milton shows her some of his new creations: little ceramic grotesques that would make perfect Halloween gifts. "How about that punk rock pumpkin?" she says, entranced. Milton takes it from the case, along with a cute green zombie that Michelle stuffs into her cleavage.

Time for lunch. We opt for a Chinese place that she swears by, settling in at the bar, where we endure the occasional gawk. A couple of feet away, cooks work over heat-blasting flames that flare up like the fires of Hell.

"What's in your future?" I ask.

"I really want to do autopsies again, but the hours would clash with my dancing."

"Did you say *autopsies*?"

She nods, chewing a forkful of tofu. "I love dead bodies. I went to autopsy school and have a biochem degree. I did my internship with the L.A. coroner. Then the economy took a shit, and nobody was hiring. But it's a conservative profession, so it's not so easy the way I look. It's like, these people are dead. Why would you care?"

"Just to clarify, how much do you love dead bodies and how often?"

"Not like that!" she laughs. "When I was a kid, I was fascinated with the dead. I would find worms and dead birds and pop them open to see what was inside. Taxidermy is something I really want to go back to school for. It's so cool! My dream is to live off-grid. I bought property in Ohio with solar panels and well water. I want to get a horse and buggy."

"The Amish influence."

She nods. "I don't know if I'll be able to do it. My family will starve since I won't be able to grow anything."

"Could you live without technology?"

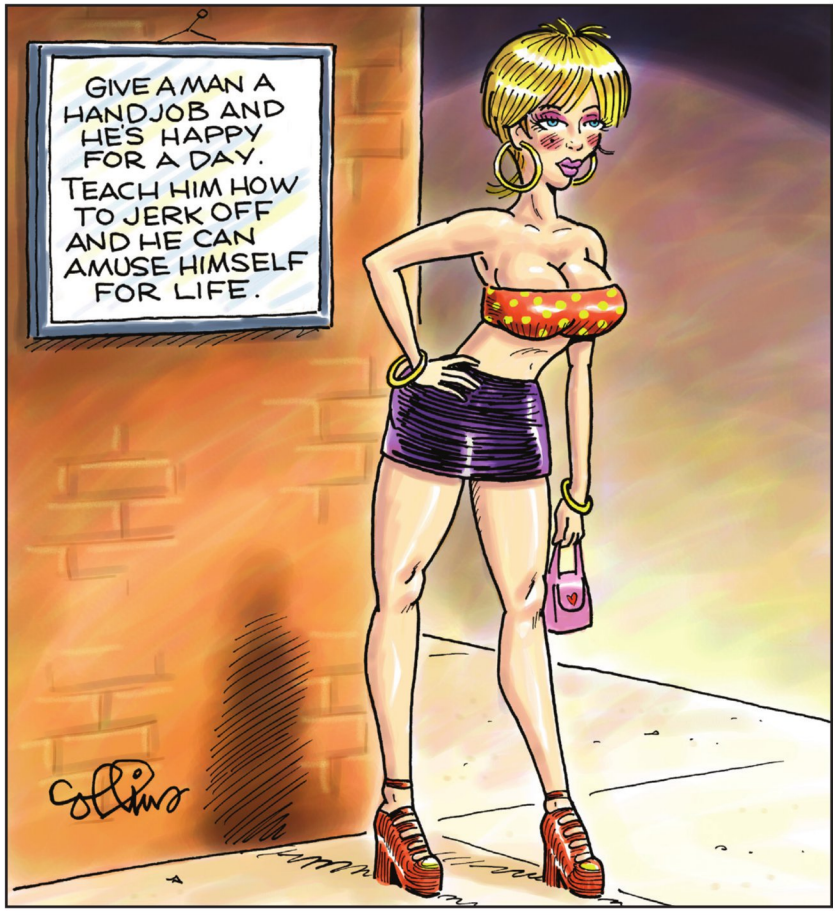
"I already got rid of my car to boycott the gas prices, and I would love it if Facebook blew up! They kick me off all the time. They can go fuck themselves!"

"If you could live at any other point in time, when would it be?"

"Before time. Prehistoric! So I could be an ape. I view humans as a disease, a parasite. We took over the Earth and wiped it clean. We're in worse shape than we were just 50 years ago. People don't live in the real world anymore."

On that note, it's time for her to pick up her kids from school. She gives me a farewell hug and leaves me with a sense of Michelle Bombshell's world: a place where the demands of life wind themselves around morbid dreams like an intricate, alluring tattoo.

Mark Johnson is an independent journalist and writer based in Los Angeles. The frequent HUSTLER contributor has also written for film, television, theater and a variety of publications, including *Screen International*, *The Wall Street Journal Europe* and *Moving Pictures*.



"Don't watch me do this! I feel like your bitch!"

THE GIRLS OF SOCIAL MEDIA: FACEBOOK

SCREEN NAME:
Desaree Nicole

AGE: 23

LOCATION: NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

URL: **Facebook.com/DayZeeDeux**

As you can easily surmise from her photos, Desaree Nicole is anything but shy. The exotic-looking flower was only too happy to strip naked for us—with the exception of a cute Indian headdress—in an ice-cold stream no less. *Brrrrrrrrr!*

"I've always been a go-getter," Desaree acknowledges, "and I love doing things for the thrill of it. As a matter of fact, I'm especially thrilled to be in HUSTLER Magazine. It's a major highlight of my life."

Although the 5-foot-1 exhibitionist thinks of herself as a "small-town girl at heart," she's quite urbanized when it comes to frequenting her favorite mall or popping bottles at the local club where she works. On that note, Desaree discloses, "I'm always on the hunt for three things: One, sexy lingerie; two, stiletto heels, both of which I can pick up on one of my shopping sprees; and, three, a real good time, which is exactly why I bartend."

When Desaree isn't buying a sexy blouse or putting a frothy head on a frosty mug of beer, she often conjures up erotic scenarios. Her latest wet dream involves a sky-high rendezvous: "I have this fantasy of fucking a boyfriend in a hot-air balloon ride. Talk about an adrenaline rush!"

In terms of her ideal man, Desaree has a number of prerequisites besides, of course, not having a fear of heights. "I'm attracted to guys with tattoos and hot bodies," she professes. "I also like a guy who can make me blush. In bed, I like it soft. That way we can really *feel* the sensation. But I don't mind getting a little rough—especially toward the end for a better climax."

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Social Media? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com***.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

CODY CHASE

AGE: 39

LOCATION: Fresno, California

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Curvaceous Cody Chase spends her days crunching numbers as an account analyst. But underneath her oh-so-professional business attire is a fitness buff who's all legs, tits and ass. It was actually while growing up on the West Coast that this native Idahoan quickly fell in love with a slew of outdoor sports—which continues to pay dividends.

"I stay in shape by simply keeping busy and remaining adventurous," Cody is quick to clarify. "I love skydiving, scuba diving, rafting, boating, hiking, camping and riding motorcycles on the dunes. It's all about doing fun things with fun people. Travel is also one of my deep interests. Unfortunately I don't get to do it as much as I'd like."

Although Cody admits to being somewhat of a workaholic, that doesn't mean the 5-foot-5 knockout isn't regularly on the prowl for a mate. "Initially, I'm attracted to a person's eyes, smile and sense of humor," Cody reveals. "I also like taller men, but I especially love having an educated conversation with a guy whose eyes sparkle when he's passionate about a topic."

For Cody, a onetime cheerleader who earned a degree in business management, such an outgoing attitude needs to be similarly applied in the bedroom. "Who doesn't love sex?" the single Cougar rhetorically asks. "I find that the older I've gotten, the more I'm actually willing to try new things. And sex is absolutely amazing when I have a physical, intellectual and emotional connection with my partner."

Cody avows, "To me, it's all about living life. One day when I'm 60, I'll be able to confidently and proudly say that I've checked off most of the items on my bucket list!"

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*.

COUGARS UNLEASHED

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

BY KATRINA PANASIUK

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

CANDY, SODA OR BIRTH CONTROL?

A ONE-OF-A-KIND VENDING MACHINE PUTS **SHIPPENSBURG UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA** UNDER SEVERE SCRUTINY

Bolstered economically by mom-and-pop shops and dubiously known for the ever-present stench of cow manure, Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, will never be confused for a bustling metropolis. However, this small, close-knit town is the home of Shippensburg University of Pennsylvania, which recently attracted widespread media attention thanks to a vending machine offering something more controversial than candy bars, potato chips or soft drinks. It's stocked with Plan B One-Step, an emergency contraceptive more commonly known as "the morning-after pill," as well as condoms, pregnancy tests, cough drops and decongestants. But Shippensburg U fell under scrutiny when the availability of birth control became a talking point in the Republicans' 2012 Presidential debates.

The installation of a contraceptive-dispensing machine on campus was first discussed in the spring of 2008 after students were surveyed about the services of the university's Etter Health Center. Eighty-five percent of the respondents supported the idea of convenient and confidential access to birth control. This was followed by an online survey of SU's fellow Pennsylvania State System of Higher Education (PASSHE) institutions. When those surveys yielded similar findings, SU decided to green-light a birth control dispenser.

In the spring of 2009, the Plan B vending machine was installed in a back room at the Etter Health Center. But beforehand, SU took precautions to ensure that all sales of Plan B were legally compliant. To make the $25 purchase, a student must present proper identification. (The machine is not accessible to the general public.) In addition, the student must be at least 17 years of age (the minimum required for purchase of Plan B without permission of a parent or guardian). According to university records, all of SU's 7,000-plus students meet that requisite.

With the closest pharmacy located a mile from campus, students are pleased that a university facility provides some semblance of anonymity while buying a birth control product. Junior Chelsea Wehking told the *Huffington Post*, "I think it's great the school is giving us this option. I've heard some [students] say they'd be too embarrassed [to] buy Plan B."

By the end of 2011, SU estimated that more than 700 doses had been sold. Inspired by the positive response at Shippensburg, other PASSHE schools have made the contraceptive available to students. But only SU does so via a self-service machine.

Despite the support of most SU students and the administration, not all citizens of Shippensburg (population 6,000) are enthralled that a state school in their midst is dispensing the morning-after pill. A Facebook group was created for dissenting students and members of the community to express their opposition.

"This protest is not specifically aimed at the question of morality," SU Students Against Plan B Machine stated on its Facebook page, "but more at the idea that this pill should not be so freely available without consultation with a medical professional at all." Also, the group claimed it is not against a woman's right to choose and is actually more protective of that right than advocates of the on-campus contraceptive-dispensing device.

After its message went viral, SU Students Against Plan B Machine asked its supporters to take part in the aforementioned protest. Although the group insisted that the demonstration wasn't "specifically aimed at the question of morality," protesters—including local clergymen—carried signs labeling proponents of the birth control dispenser as "morally bankrupt."

SU's administration never imagined it would come under such scrutiny over its health center's unique vending machine. In order to alleviate legal concerns, the university contacted U.S. Food and Drug Administration officials to certify the dispensing method.

SU President William Ruud announced, "We are among the majority of universities and colleges in Pennsylvania and the nation that make Plan B available to students."

Meanwhile, Dr. Roger Serr—SU's vice-president of student affairs—assured concerned parties that "the medication comes with explanatory details about the drug, its uses and effects, and medical staff is always available for consultation before a purchase is made."

The debate over birth control being waged in a small college town exemplifies how highly contentious this issue has become.

"I'm not playing, Toby. Let go! Bad dog!"

Katrina Panasiuk is a graduate of Shippensburg University of Pennsylvania, where she focused her studies on English and communications journalism.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—protests, censorship issues, pranks, etc.—please contact us at ***Features@LFP.com***. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

KAIRI HEART

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, FRESNO

Kairi Heart may be just a college freshman, but the sexy 19-year-old already has her mind firmly set on the future. "I'm majoring in computer software programming with a minor in business," Kairi proudly informs us. "My goal is to earn excellent grades so I can secure a good job in the tech industry."

But all schoolwork and no play makes your typical coed a dullard. Not Kairi, whose extracurricular passions, curiously enough, go hand-in-hand with her computer prowess. "I'm a huge nerd," she confesses. "I can play video games for hours. So any guy who can't keep up with me in *Call of Duty* is a no-go."

The cute-as-a-button brainiac has additional specs for the men in her life: "I especially appreciate guys who quickly interest me. They tend to be playful, can make good conversation and are just as big a nerd as I am!" She then specifies with a heartfelt laugh, "Oh, and they have to be taller than me too!"

Besides mastering video games, the 5-foot-9 hottie digs dancing, traveling, singing in her car and playing with her puppy. But don't let Kairi's seemingly wholesome pastimes fool you.

"Porn is absolutely one of my main guilty pleasures," Kairi confides. "I love it! And as for actually *having* sex, I simply melt when a guy takes control. I also like light bondage and getting naughty with women. Some of my fantasies include being a schoolgirl, a nurse and a convict. However, I've yet to fulfill my fantasy of having sex in a public place."

Look out! Soon enough kinky Kairi will likely be adding "sex in the student cafeteria" to her list of accomplishments.

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

CLAUDIA: SUNNY DELIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

When **Claudia** was photographed for HUSTLER's August 1984 issue, the editors were evidently so overwhelmed by her beauty that they decided not to sully her pictures with any text. We wonder where this lovely brunette is today. Is **Claudia** still spending carefree days at the beach? Did she have four kids and go back to school for her law degree? Was she abducted by aliens? We may never know, but that doesn't diminish how hot **Claudia** looks here.

(continued from page 87)

Dwarves Must Die (2004). Faust was crucified upon a wooden cross while three naked ladies wept at his feet. The religious imagery combined with blatant sexuality received a reaction heard around the world.

Blag's take on the album cover controversy is simple: "Aside from *Blood Guts & Pussy*, *The Dwarves Must Die* was offensive to Christians with the crucified dwarf on the cover." As for the band's other albums, Blag adds, "*The Dwarves Are Young and Good Looking* cover captured that moment when pro skateboarders were pretending they had talent too. Personally, I like the scrubbed strumpets of *Come Clean*, but that's just me."

Because the Dwarves have no desire to stop their rock 'n' roll insanity, their legend continues to grow. HeWhoCannotBeNamed stepped up the game during a taping for the music show *Playboy Live*. The band was not only performing their set but also playing short instrumentals to entertain the audience during commercial breaks. At one point, noticing a carved pumpkin on the stage, HeWhoCannotBeNamed decided to face-fuck it.

The man himself explains it better than anyone: "As usual, there was some interest in the guy with his dick out. I saw the pumpkin mouth and felt compelled to put it in." The Dwarves' rebellion has other outlets. Blag sang "Doing the Sponge" on an episode of *SpongeBob SquarePants*. (The song was written by former Dwarves bassist Salt Peter.) Blag also has published two books—*Armed to the Teeth With Lipstick* and *Nina*—and podcasts at **RadioLikeYouWant.com**. In addition, the band's members have collaborated with Gnarls Barkley, Offspring, Juliette and the Licks, Kyuss and more.

Most importantly in the ways of rebellion, the Dwarves do things their own way. DIY has been part of the punk rock ethos for decades, but few live up to it like these guys. Having no manager or agent, the Dwarves release their records themselves and book their own shows.

Blag and HeWhoCannotBeNamed face each day with the armor of true rock rebellion coating their skin. You may love them, you may want to burn them alive, but you have to respect who they are, what they've done and how they've fought to keep rock rebellion alive. The slogan "Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll" may one day be changed to "Sex, Drugs and the Dwarves." Right, Blag?

"Punk is a genre with carefully prescribed rules and fashion that most bands follow," Blag explains. "We don't. We make history while they turn the page. No punk band has combined more elements in their music than the Dwarves: pop, garage, punk, Americana, noise, experimental, hip-hop, speed metal, grindcore, surf, etc. We are the Masters of All Genres!"

For more debauchery, go to **TheDwarves.com**. Starting next issue: Iann Robinson's column on the underground rock scene. First up: Agnostic Front!

Born in Washington, D.C., and raised in New York City, Iann Robinson is a music and comic book aficionado who has written for *Chord* magazine, the iconic Big Apple fanzine *Sound Views*, the *Village Voice*, the *Boston Phoenix* and CraveOnline.com. Robinson, who had a "volatile relationship" with MTV as an on-air reporter, currently lives in Cincinnati with his girlfriend Mirderher of the Cincinnati Rollergirls and the dogs Dorian and Sayler.

"I've never had a 'Teblow-job' before!"

"What was I supposed to do? Bitch is wearing a hoodie!"

The December '12 issue goes on sale September 4, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

SIERRA DAY

COMING NEXT

ROCK GODDESS LITA FORD: LIVING LIKE A RUNAWAY

As lead guitarist for the groundbreaking girl group the Runaways and the queen of 1980s heavy metal, Lita Ford was the bomb. But after a topsy-turvy solo career, she dropped out of sight. Now the two-time bride is single and ready to rock again! "I can just do what the fuck I want," Lita tells Arts & Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt during banter that covers everything from the mercurial musician's personal ups and downs to her kickass new CD *Living Like a Runaway.*

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF HOT-TO-TROT SELENA ROSE

"When I was in high school," porn star Selena Rose recalls, "there were people who said I was a slut. My goal now is to be the biggest slut ever." As writer M. Allen Nathan discovers during a tag-along, Selena—HUSTLER's March '12 covergirl—is also a classic-car aficionada who loves a great ride in every sense of the term. Taking a day off from the XXX grind, Selena haunts an automotive museum and dealership, where she's the hottest model on the lot.

TOM MABE: PRANK CHAMP

Sick and tired of being pestered by telemarketers, Tom Mabe began fabricating elaborate yarns to exact revenge on people "trained to steal over the phone." But it's Mabe who's made out like a bandit. His vendetta led to four hilarious albums and a hit TV series (*Mabe in America*). Interviewed by HUSTLER's Kimberly Cheng, Mabe will have you in stitches as he shows why he's the undisputed "King of the Ring."

SEX ADDICTION: MYTH OR REALITY?

Our favorite dominatrix, Lera Gavin, was intrigued when a newsmagazine reported that 9 million Americans are sex addicts. After taking an online quiz that pegged her as one, she decided to do some digging. Gavin pored through definitive texts, consulted mental-health professionals and dropped by a Sex Addicts Anonymous meeting. Don't miss her amusing but very enlightening look at an affliction that's alarmingly common.

"VOTER FRAUD" FRAUD

"When Republicans can't win, they cheat," says journalist Brad Friedman, who offers proof that the GOP is up to no good. Supposedly enacted to prevent fraud, state laws requiring registered voters to obtain a proper photo ID are actually intended to deny traditionally Democratic constituencies—minorities, urban residents, senior citizens et al.—their right to cast a ballot. In a companion exposé, Friedman lists a litany of GOP politicians who have seemingly violated electoral laws, most notably Presidential aspirant Mitt Romney.